

THACKER'S SCHOOL SERIES.

A
MORAL READING BOOK
FROM
ENGLISH AND ORIENTAL SOURCES.

BY
SIR ROPER LETHBRIDGE, K.B., C.F.

Fellow and sometime Examiner of the Calcutta University

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A MORAL . READING-BOOK.

INTRODUCTION.

I BELIEVE there exists a wide-spread desire for the more systematic teaching, in our schools, of the great principles of Morality and Good Conduct that are common to all religions. It is universally admitted that, in such teaching, there should be nothing that might have even the appearance of an infringement of that golden rule of strict religious neutrality which has always been observed by the Educational Department. I know of no Moral Reading-book hitherto published that fully satisfies the important condition of neutrality; and in the little book now offered to the public I have endeavoured to supply this want. This Reading-book has been compiled impartially from Hindu, Muhammadan, Parsee, and Buddhist, as well as Christian sources; and whilst I hope it may not be found defective in any important point, I am confident that nothing will be found in it to offend the most sensitive conscience.

But for the kind encouragement of Sir William Muir, K.C.S.I., this little book would not have appeared in its present form. The idea of using translated extracts from the

Oriental classics and the Sacred Books of the East, for the purpose of inculcating great moral truths, had long ago occurred both to Sir William Muir himself and to his late lamented brother, Dr. John Muir, C.I.E.; and by his generosity I have been permitted to make free use of the admirable translations to be found in his own "Extracts from the Coran," and in Dr. John Muir's "Religious and Moral Sentiments from Sanskrit Writers." For other translations from the Sanskrit, I am indebted to Mr. R. T. H. Griffith, M.A., whose name is inseparably connected with the academic glories of Benares College, and who is now Director of Public Instruction in the North-West Provinces.

My acknowledgments are due to the Rev. J. Long for allowing me to use his "Eastern Proverbs and Emblems, illustrating Old Truths." History teaches us that nothing is more useful for impressing a great truth on the mind of the young than the apposite use of aphorisms.

I have also to offer my thanks to the Rev. G. Small, Chaplain of the "Stranger's Home for Asiatics" at Limehouse, for permission to use his metrical translations of Oriental poems; and to the Publishing Committee of the Wesleyan Conference for permission to use some of Mr. Robinson's translations from the *Kural* and other Tamil masterpieces.

Mr. Griffith, in the preface to his *Stories from the Rāmāyana*, has eloquently shown how thoroughly some of the Oriental classics are adapted for teaching the great moral truths which I wish to inculcate in this Reading-book. He thus describes the feelings which the perusal of the *Rāmāyana* excites "in every Hindu of true sensibility."

"Nowhere else, I believe, are poetry and morality so charmingly united—each elevating the other—as in the pages of this really holy poem. There are indeed many poetical compositions—nay almost all good poetry is such—that forcibly teach us some moral truths—but the *Rāmāyana*

is the only poem which inspires our breasts with a love of goodness in the entire sense of the word. We rise from its perusal with a loftier idea of almost all the virtues that can adorn man—of truth, of filial piety, of paternal love, of female chastity and devotion, of a husband's faithfulness and love, of fraternal affection, of meekness, of forgiveness, of fortitude, of universal benevolence. What, for instance, can excite a greater reverence of Divine Truth than the perusal of that scene where Dasaratha parts with his beloved son for her sake and at last sacrifices his life for her? What can more impressively teach us filial love than the conduct of Râma giving up his domestic felicity, his kingdom, to preserve his father's vow? Well may the Râmâyana challenge the literature of every age and country to produce a poem that can boast of such perfect characters as a Râma and a Sîtâ."

I have been largely indebted to Mr. Smiles both for the inspiration and for the illustrations of this little book; and desire to record my deep obligation to that eminent writer and to Mr. John Murray, for the ready courtesy with which they assented to my request for permission to make extracts from *Character and Self-Help*—two works which I trust will be read sooner or later by all students of this Reading-book.

ROPER LETHBRIDGE.

4, NEW SQUARE,
LINCOLN'S INN.



CHAPTER I.

MY DUTY TOWARDS GOD.

"THIS little book is intended to be used with equal advantage by students professing many different religions—by Christians, by Hindus, by Muhammadans, by Parsees, by members of the Bráhma Samáj, and by others. Its aim is, not to show the superiority or inferiority of any particular form of religion, but rather to teach those practical rules of good living which command the assent of all good men. Consequently, I shall say nothing here of many religious observances which form a part of "My Duty towards God," but in regard to which opinions may fairly and reasonably differ. But "My Duty towards God" includes many things besides religious observances. It includes all those rules for the guidance of our own private thoughts and actions, and of our behaviour to others, wherein our consciences teach us to discern a right and a wrong. In the inscription on the Bombay Medical College Hospital, which was founded by the munificence of the late Sir Jamsetjee Jeejeebhoy, the famous Parsee Baronet, the endowment is stated to be an "offering of religious gratitude to Almighty God, the Father in

Heaven of the Christian, the Hindu, the Muhammaday, and the Parsee." Whatever may be the particular form of our religion, we all acknowledge intuitively the existence of a Supreme Being, who must be our Creator, and to whom we owe our reverence and adoration ; who is our Preserver, and to whom therefore we owe gratitude and love ; who knows all our most private thoughts and deeds ; who will be our just Judge, and whom, therefore, we should strive to obey.

In addition, then, to the great duty of serving and worshipping God, which duty we may endeavour to perform in various ways, there are other "duties towards God," in regard to which all good men are agreed. It is our duty both to feel and to show (1) the utmost *reverence* for the name and attributes of the Deity, (2) the deepest *gratitude* for His past care of us, (3) *trust* in Him for the future, and finally (4) *obedience* to Him as our supreme Ruler and Guide. The habitual cultivation of these sentiments, the habitual observance of our "Duty towards God" will influence for good all our thoughts, our words, and our actions ; and will lead us into the practice of all those virtues, of which I shall speak in later chapters. In this way religion is truly the basis of all morality, and the only foundation of true happiness. Solomon, King of the Jews, who was reputed the wisest man of his time, wrote : "Let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter : Fear God, and keep His Commandments : for this is the whole duty of Man."

POPE'S "UNIVERSAL PRAYER."

FATHER of all ! in ev'ry age,
 ' In ev'ry clime adored,
 ' By saint, by savage, and by sage,
 ' Jehovah, Jove, or Lord !
 Thou Great First Cause, least understood,
 Who all my sense confined
 To know but this, that Thou art good,
 , And that myself am blind ;
 Yet gave me, in this dark estate,
 To see the good from ill ;
 And binding Nature fast in Fate,
 Left free the human will.
 What conscience dictates to be done,
 Or warns me not to do,
 This, teach me more than hell to shun,
 That, more than heaven pursue.
 What blessings Thy free bounty gives,
 Let me not cast away ;
 For God is paid when man receives :
 , To enjoy is to obey.
 Yet not to earth's contracted span
 , Thy goodness led me bound,
 Or think Thee Lord alone of man,
 When thousand worlds are round.
 Let not this weak unknowing hand
 Presume Thy bolts to throw,
 And deal damnation round the land,
 On each I judge Thy foe.

If I am right, Thy grace impart,
 Still in the right to stay ;
 If I am wrong, oh, teach my heart
 To find that better way.

Save me alike from foolish pride,
 Or impious discontent,
 At aught Thy wisdom has denied,
 Or aught Thy goodness lent.

Teach me to feel another's woe,
 To hide the fault I see ;
 That mercy I to others show,
 That mercy show to me.

Mean though I am, not wholly so,
 Since quickened by Thy breath :
 Oh, lead me wheresoe'er I go,
 Through this day's life or death.

This day, be bread and peace my lot :
 All else beneath the sun,
 Thou know'st if best bestowed or not ;
 And let Thy will be done.

To Thee, whose temple is all space,
 Whose altar, earth, sea, skies,
 One chorus let all being raise ;
 All nature's incense rise !

GOD SEEN IN HIS WORKS.

ALL nature manifests the infinite skill of its Author. Cast your eyes upon the earth that supports us ; then raise them to this immense vault of the heavens that surrounds us ; these fathomless abysses of air and water, and these

countless stars that give us light. Who is it that has suspended this globe of earth?—who has laid its foundations? If it were harder, its bosom could not be laid open by man for cultivation; if it were less firm it could not support the weight of his footsteps. From it proceed the most precious things; this earth, so mean and unformed, is transformed into thousands of beautiful objects, that delight our eyes; in the course of one year, it becomes branches, buds, leaves, flowers, fruits, and seeds; thus renewing its bountiful favours to man. Nothing exhausts it. After yielding for so many ages its treasures, it experiences no decay, it does not grow old; it still pours forth riches from its bosom. Generations of men have grown old and passed away, while every spring the earth has renewed its youth. If it were cultivated, it would nourish a hundred-fold more than it now does.

The inequalities of the earth add to its beauty and utility. "The mountains have risen, and the valleys deepened, in the places where the Lord has appointed." In the deep valleys grows the fresh herbage for cattle. Rich harvests wave in the champaign country. Here, ranges of little hills rise like an amphitheatre, and are crowned with vineyards and fruit trees; there, high mountains lift their snow-crowned heads among the clouds. The torrents that pour from their sides, are the sources of the rivers. The rocks, marking the steep heights, support the earth of the mountains, just as the bones of the human body support the flesh. This variety makes the charm of rural scenery, while it is also the means of satisfying all the different wants of men.

Everything that the earth produces, is decomposed and returns again to its bosom, and becomes the germ of a new production. Everything that springs from it, returns to it, and nothing is lost. All the seeds that we sow in it, return multiplied to us. It produces stone and marble, of

which we make our superb edifices. It teems with mineral,
precious or useful to man.

Look at the plants that spring from it. Their species and their virtues are innumerable. Contemplate those vast forests, as ancient as the world; those trees, whose roots strike into the earth, as their branches spread out towards the heavens. Their roots support them against the winds, and are like water-carrying pipes, whose office is to collect the nourishment necessary for the support of the stem; the stem is covered with a thick bark which protects the tender wood from the air; the branches distribute, in different canals, the sap which the roots have collected in the trunk. In summer they protect us with their shade from the rays of the sun; in winter they feed the flame that keeps us warm. Their wood is not only useful for fuel, but it is of a substance, although solid and durable, to which the hand of man can give every form that he pleases, for the purposes of architecture and navigation. Fruit-trees, as they bow their branches towards the earth, seem to invite us to receive their treasures. The feeblest plant contains within itself the germ of all that we admire in the grandest tree. The earth, without ceasing to produce all those changes in its offspring.

Let us notice what we call water; it is a liquid, clear, and transparent body. Now it escapes from our grasp, and now it takes the form of whatever surrounds it, having none of its own. If the water were a little more rarefied, it would become a species of air; the whole face of nature would be dry and sterile. He who has given us this fluid body, has distributed it with care through the earth. The waters flow from the mountains. They assemble in streams in the valleys, and they go on to rivers, winding their way through the open country, that they may more effectually water it. At last they empty themselves into the sea, to feed this centre of the commerce of nations. This ocean, that seems

an eternal separation of countries, is, on the contrary, the great rendezvous of all nations. It is over this pathless way, across this profound abyss, that the old world has put forth its hand to the new, and that the new supplies the old with its treasures.

The waters circulate through the earth, as the blood does through the human body. Besides this perpetual circulation, there is the ebbing and flowing of the sea. We need not know the cause of this mysterious effect. Of this only are we certain, that the sea goes and returns to the same places at certain hours. Who has commanded it to ebb and flow with such regularity? A little more or a little less motion in the waters would derange all nature. Who is it that controls this immense body, with such irresistible power? Who is it that always avoids the too much and the too little? What unerring finger has marked the boundaries for the sea, that through countless ages it has respected, and has said to it, "Here shall thy proud waves be stayed?" If I look up to the heavens I perceive clouds flying as upon the wings of the wind; bodies of water suspended over our heads, to temper the air, and water the thirsty earth. If they were to fall all at once, they would overwhelm and destroy everything in the place where they fell. What hand suspends them in their reservoirs, and bids them fall drop by drop as from a watering-pot?

FENELON.

TRUST IN GOD.

Translated from the Sanskrit.

Ô God of Gods, Thou art to me
A Father, Mother, Kinsmen, Friends
I knowledge, riches, find in Thee;
All good Thy being comprehends.

(From the *Vikramadharita*, translated by
DR. JOHN MUIR, C.I.E.)

THE OMNISCIENCE OF GOD

(Translated from the Arabic)

SAY ; whether ye hide that which is in your breasts, or whether ye make it manifest, God knoweth the same ; and He knoweth whatsoever is in the heavens, and whatsoever is in the earth, God is Almighty.

(From the *Qorán*, translated by SIR W. MUIR, K.C.S.I.)

THE WONDERS OF NATURE PROCLAIM
THE POWER OF GOD.

THE spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim.
The unwearied sun from day to day
Does his Creator's power display,
And publishes to every land,
The work of an Almighty hand.
Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the listening earth,
Repeats the story of her birth :
While all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.
What, though in solemn silence all
Move round this dark terrestrial ball !
What though no real voice nor sound,
Amid their radiant orbs be found !

In Reason's ear they all rejoice,
 And utter forth a glorious voice ;
 For ever singing as they shine,
 "The Hand that made us is divine." — ADDISON.

GOD IS A SPIRIT.

(Translated from the *Sanskrit*.)

No hands has He, nor feet, nor eyes, nor ears,
 And yet He grasps, and moves, and sees, and hears.
 He all things knows, Himself unknown of all ;
 Him men the great primeval Spirit call.

(From the *Svetasvatara Upanishad*, translated by
 DR. JOHN MUIR, C.I.E.)

THE BENEFICENCE OF GOD.

(Translated from the *Arabic*.)

It is He that sendeth down from heaven rain unto you ;
 thereof have ye water to drink, and therefrom spring plants
 whereof ye feed your cattle. And by means of the same
 He causeth the corn to grow, and olives and date-trees and
 grapes, and every fruit. Surely therein is a sign unto people
 that reflect. And He hath subjected to you the night and
 the day, and the sun, moon, and stars, serving by His com-
 mand : verily therein are signs to people that understand.
 And whatsoever things He hath created for you in the earth
 of various colours, surely therein is a sign for people that
 consider. And it is He who hath brought the sea under
 your control, that out of it ye might eat fresh meat, and
 from it likewise take ornaments for you to put on : and thou
 seest the ships ploughing its waves, that ye may seek to

enrich yourselves of His abundance, and that haply ye may give thanks. And He hath set fast mountains upon the earth lest it should move with you, and made rivers and path-ways to guide you, and landmarks; by the stars likewise are men directed. Shall He then that createth, be as him that createth not! And if ye count the favours of God, ye shall not be able to reckon them up; for God is gracious and merciful. God knoweth that which ye hide and that which ye make manifest. They that believe not in the life to come, their hearts are incredulous; they are arrogant. Without doubt God knoweth what they conceal and what they discover. Verily He loveth not the proud. . . .

(From the *Geeta*, translated by SIR W. MUIR, K.C.S.I.)

GOD'S JUSTICE VENDEICATED.

(A *Draupadi* translated from the Sanskrit.)

DRAUPADI speaks:—

Branching noble men distressed,
 Noble men enjoying good,
 Thy righteous self by woe pursued,
 Thy wicked foe thy fortune blest,
 Perhaps the Lord of all—the strong,
 The partial Lord—am I doing wrong.
 His dark, mysterious sovereign will
 To men their several lots decrees.
 He favours some with wealth and ease;
 Some brings to every form of ill.
 As puppets leave the touch obey
 Of him whose fingers hold the strings,
 So God directs the secret springs
 Which all the deeds of creatures sway.

In vain those birds which springs hold
 Would seek to fly : so man, a thrall,
 Fast fettered ever lives, in all
 He does or thinks by God controlled.

As trees from river-banks are riven
 And swept away, when rains have swelled
 The streams, so men by time impelled
 To action, helpless, on are driven.

God does not show for all mankind
 A parent's love and wise concern ;
 But acts like one unfeeling, stern
 Whose eyes caprice and passion blind.

YUDHISHTHIRA *replies* :—

I've listened, loving spouse, to thee,
 I've marked thy charming, kind discourse,
 Thy phrases turned with grace and force,
 But know, thou utterest blasphemy.

I never act to earn reward ;
 I do what I am bound to do,
 Indifferent whether fruit accrue ;
 My duty I alone regard.

Of all the men who care profess
 For virtue—love of that to speak—
 The unworthiest far are those who seek
 To make a gain of righteousness.

Who thus—to every lofty sense
 Of duty dead—from each good act
 Its full return would fain extract!—
 He forfeits every recompense.

Love duty, thus, for duty's sake,
 Not careful what return it brings :
 Yet doubt not, bliss from virtue springs,
 While we shall sinners overtake.

By ships the perilous sea is crossed ;
 So men on virtue's stable bark
 Pass o'er this mundane ocean dark,
 And reach the blessed heavenly coast.

If holy actions bore no fruits ;
 If self-command, beneficence,
 Received no fitting recompense
 Then men would lead the life of brutes.

Who then would knowledge toil to gain ?
 Or after noble aims aspire ?
 O'er all the earth delusion dire
 And darkness dense and black would reign.

But 'tis not so ; for saints of old
 Well knew that every righteous deed
 From God obtains its ample meed :
 They, therefore, strove pure lives to lead,
 As ancient sacred books have told.

These secret things those saints descry
 Alone, whose sinless life austere
 For them has earned an insight clear,
 To which all mysteries open lie.

So let thy doubts like vapours flee,
 Abandon impious unbelief ;
 And let not discontent and grief
 Disturb thy soul's serenity.

But study God aright to know ;
 That highest Lord of all revere,
 Whose grace on those who love Him here
 Will endless future bliss bestow.

DRAUPADI *rejoins* :

How could I God, the Lord of all,
 Contemn, or dare His acts arraign,
 Although I weakly thus complain ?
 Nor would I virtue bootless call.

Lidly talk ; my better mind
 Is overcome by deep distress,
 Which long shall yet my heart oppress :
 So judge me rightly ; thou art kind.

(From the *Mahābhārata*, translated by
 DR. JOHN MUIR, C.I.E.)

GOD WILL PROVIDE.

(*Translated from the Sanskrit.*)

SHALL He to thee His aid refuse,
 Who clothes the swan in dazzling white,
 Who robes in green the parrot bright,
 The peacock decks in rainbow hues ?

(From the *Hitopadesa*, translated by
 DR. JOHN MUIR, C.I.E.)

ALL NATURE PRAISES GOD.

(*From the Bible.*)

THE heavens declare thy glory, Lord,
 Which that alone can fill ;
 The firmament and stars express
 Their great Creator's skill.

The dawn of each returning day
 Fresh beams of knowledge brings ;
 And from the dark returns at night
 Divine instruction springs.

Their powerful language to no realm
 Or region is confined ;
 'Tis nature's voice, and understood
 Alike by all mankind.

Their doctrine does its sacred sense
 Through earth's extent display ;
 Whose bright contents the circling sun
 Does round the earth convey.

No bridegroom on his nuptial-day
 Has such a cheerful face ;
 No giant does like him rejoice
 To run his glorious race.

From east to west, from west to east,
 His restless course he goes ;
 And through his progress cheerful light
 And vital warmth bestows.

God's perfect law converts the soul,
 Reclaims from false desires ;
 With sacred wisdom His wise word
 The ignorant inspires.

The statutes of the Lord are just,
 And bring sincere delight ;
 His pure commands in search of truth,
 Assist the feeblest sight.

His perfect worship here is fixed,
 On sure foundations laid ;
 His equal laws are in the scales
 Of truth and justice weighed.

Of more esteem than golden mines,
 Or gold refined with skill;
 More sweet than honey, or the drops
 That from the comb distil.

My trusty counsellors they are,
 And friendly warnings give;
 Divine rewards attend on those
 Who by Thy precepts live.

But what frail man observes how oft
 He does from virtue fall?

O cleanse me from my secret faults,
 Thou God that know'st them all!

Let no presumptuous sin, O Lord,
 Dominion have o'er me;
 That, by Thy grace preserved, I may
 The great transgression flee.

(Nineteenth Psalm.)

THE SAME.

(Translated from the Arabic.)

WHAT! seest thou not that unto God give praise all that are in heaven and earth, and the birds also with extended wing, truly every one knoweth his prayer and his hymn of praise. And God is well acquainted with all that they do. Unto God belongeth the kingdom of heaven and earth, and unto God shall all return. Seest thou not that God driveth the clouds along, then gathereth them together, then setteth them in layers; and thou seest the rain issuing forth from between them. And He sendeth down from the heavens (heavy clouds) as it were mountains wherein is hail, and He striketh therewith whom He pleaseth, and averteth the same

from whom He pleaseth. The brightness of His lightning well nigh taketh the sight away. God causeth the night and the day to follow one upon the other; verily herein is a monition to those that are endowed with sight. Verily God is over all things powerful.

(From the *Qorán*, translated by SIR W. MUIR, K.C. S.I.)

THE CONDESCENSION OF GOD.

(Translated from the Tamil.)

If thy poor heart but choose the better part,
And in this path doth worship only God,
His heart will stoop to thine, will take thy heart,
And make it His. One heart shall serve for both.
When thy poor mind has always God within,
The Highest One will surely dwell with thee,
Will rob thee of thy sin. As with his tool
The artisan will shave, or cut clean off,
Each roughness from the wood, so He will make
Thee free from sin and altogether pure.

(From *Sivayakya*, translated by GOVER.)

THE POWER OF GOD.

(Translated from the Arabic.)

It is God that hath reared the heavens, without any pillars that ye see. Then He ascended the throne; and compelled the sun and moon to do service; all run their appointed course. He ordereth the empire. He setteth forth His signs, if haply ye may believe that ye shall meet your Lord. And it is He that hath stretched forth the earth and placed therein mountains and rivers; and of every fruit

in the same hath He made two several kinds. He hath made the night to overshadow the day. Verily therein are signs for people that will reflect. And in the earth are various tracts bordering one upon the other; and gardens of vines, springing fields, and date trees growing some from one root and some singly: They are watered from one and the same stream, yet we render the fruit of some of them more excellent than of others to eat. Verily herein are signs to people that will understand.

He knoweth that which is hidden, and that which is declared, the Great, the Most High. He among you that concealeth his works, and he that proclaimeth them; he also that would hide himself by night, and he that goeth forth by day,—are unto Him alike.

It is He that sheweth the lightning unto you to stir up fear and hope, and that raiseth the heavy clouds. And the thunder celebrateth His praise, and the angels also, for fear of Him. He sendeth His thunder-bolts, and smiteth therewith whom He will, while they are even wrangling about God, for He is mighty in power. To Him prayer is made of right. To God all that are in heaven and earth make obeisance, of freewill or of force; and their shadows likewise at morn and eve.

Say, God is the Creator of all things; He is the One, the Avenger. He bringeth down rain from heaven, and the valleys flow according to their capacity, and the floods bear the swelling froth. And from the metal which they heat in the fire to get ornaments or vessels without, there is a scum like unto it. Thus doth God set forth the true and the false. For the scum is thrown off; but that which profiteth mankind, it remaineth on the earth. Thus doth God put forth parables.

(From the *Qur'an*, translated by Sir W. Muir, K.C.S.I.)

THE VANITY OF EARTHLY KNOWLEDGE.

(Translated from the Tamil.)

THE learning's vain, that does not fall
At His good feet, who knoweth all.

(From the Kural of Tiru Valluvar ; translated by Robinson.)

THE OMNIPOTENCE OF GOD.

(Translated from the Arabic.)

GOD ! there is no God but He ; the Living, the Eternal.
Slumber doth not overtake Him, neither sleep. To Him
belongeth whatsoever is in heaven and on the earth. Who
is it that dare intercede with Him but by His permission ?
He knoweth both that which is before mankind and that
which is behind them ; and they shall not comprehend
anything of His knowledge, but as He pleaseth. His throne
extendeth over the heavens and over the earth : and the
preservation of both is no weariness unto Him. He is the
high, the mighty.

(From the Qordân ; translated by SIR W. MUIR, K.C.S.I.)

DEATH THE REAPER.

(Translated from the Pushtu.)

FAST as the reaper cutteth down the corn,
Soon as the Harvest for his aid may call
So fast, and surely, each of us in turn
Must 'neath Death's sickle—ripe or unripe—fall,
As sudden whirlwinds sometimes fill the sky
With sand that spreads destruction all around,
So suddenly may Death its shafts let fly,
And victims bring in thousands to the ground.

As tulips fair begin to fade away
 Soon as—or ere—they've reached their highest bloom ;
 So speedily these bodies may decay,
 And we depart to our eternal doom.

Swift as the rapid river courseth by,
 To lose itself at last in lake or sea ;
 So swiftly seem our days and years to fly,
 Rushing through time into Eternity.

(Translated from the *Pushtn* of ABDUR RAHMAN
 by RAVERTY and SMALL.)

PRAYER.

I HAVE seen a lark rising from his bed of grass, and soaring upwards, singing as he rises, and hopes to get to heaven, and climb above the clouds ; but the poor bird was beaten back with the loud sighings of an eastern wind, and his motion made irregular and inconstant, descending more at every breath of the tempest, than it could recover by the vibration and frequent weighing of his wings, till the little creature was forced to sit down and pant, and stay till the storm was over ; and then it made a prosperous flight, and did rise and sing, as if it had learned music and motion from an angel, as he passed sometimes through the air, about his ministries here below. So is the prayer of a good man.—
 JEREMY TAYLOR.

THE VALUE OF PRAYER.

THERE is an eye that never sleeps
 Beneath the wings of night ;
 There is an ear that never shuts
 When sink the beams of light

There is an arm that never tires
When human strength gives way ;
There is a love that never fails
When earthly loves decay.

That eye is fixed on seraph throngs ;
That ear is filled with angels' songs ;
That arm upholds the world on high ;
That love is throned beyond the sky.

But there's a pow'r which man can wield
When mortal aid is vain,

That eye, that arm, that love to reach,
That list'ning ear to gain.

That pow'r is Prayer, which soars on high,
And feeds on bliss beyond the sky.

RURAL PLEASURES.

THE culture of the fields and gardens is one of the most agreeable employments, and perhaps the only one that is repaid by a thousand pleasures for the trouble it gives.

Most works confine men to a room or shop ; but he who devotes himself to country pursuits is in the open air, and breathes freely upon the theatre of Nature.

The blue sky is his canopy ; and the earth, spread with flowers, is his carpet. The air he breathes is not corrupted by the vapours of cities. If he has a taste for the beauties of Nature, he can never want pure and real pleasures.

In the morning, as soon as daybreak again opens the view of the Creation, he enjoys it in his fields and garden. The dawn proclaims the near approach of the sun.

The grass springs up again revived ; and its points shine with dewdrops, bright as diamonds. Perfumes from herbs and flowers refresh him on every side.

The air resounds with the songs of birds, expressive of their joys, their loves, and their happiness. Their concerts are hymns of praise to the Creator.

Would it be possible, at the sight and sense of so many pleasing objects, that the heart should not be touched with delight, with love, with gratitude towards God? What tends still more to render it agreeable is the variety of objects it affords of works and employments.

There is great variety of shrubs, fruits, herbs, trees, which we plant, and which present themselves to us in a thousand forms. Some he sees springing out of the earth, others rising high, and opening their buds, others again in full bloom.

Wherever he turns his eyes, he sees new objects. The heavens above, and the earth beneath, afford him a fund of pleasure and delight.

Bless, bless the Lord ! Praise His works, and trace Him in every field, and through every operation of active Nature ! It is He who ordains the return of spring, and tells the harvest when to fill the granaries with corn.

When the soft breath of the zephyrs comes in spring to warm the air, let us think of Him. When in autumn the boughs of the trees bend under the weight of His gifts, let us remember Him ; He crowns the year with His blessings.

He is the source of all good. He sends the rain to water the barren field ; and it is through Him alone that the earth becomes fruitful. Behold the forest, the river, and the vale !—they all discover traces of His goodness. We find Him in the meadows, and in the flowers which adorn them. Everywhere we trace the Lord.

STURM.

GOD THE AUTHOR OF NATURE.

THERE lives and works
 A soul in all things, and that soul is God.
 The beauties of the wilderness are His,
 That make so gay the solitary place,
 Where no eye sees them. And the fairest forms,
 That cultivation glories in, are His.
 He sets the bright procession on its way,
 And marshals all the order of the year;
 He marks the bounds which Winter may not pass,
 And blunts his pointed fury; in its case,
 Russet and rude, folds up the tender germ
 Uninjured, with inimitable art;
 And, ere one flowery season fades and dies,
 Designs the blooming wonders of the next.
 The Lord of all, Himself through all diffused,
 Sustains, and is the life of all that lives.

Cowper.

THE INFINITE MERCY OF GOD.

(Translated from the Arabic.)

God is benignant towards His servants; He provideth for whom He pleaseth: for He is the Strong, the Mighty. Whoso seeketh the husbandry of the life to come, we shall give him increase in his husbandry. And whoso seeketh the husbandry of this world; we will give him thereof; but he shall have no portion in the life to come.

If God should greatly enlarge the provision of His servants, then they would deal arrogantly upon the earth; but now He sendeth down by measure what He pleaseth; for verily He knoweth and regardeth that which concerneth His servants. It is He that sendeth down the rain after that men have despaired thereof, and spreadeth abroad His

mercy, and He is Lord over all, the Blessed. Amongst His signs is the creation of the heavens and the earth, and of the living creatures with which He hath replenished the same. And He is able to gather them again unto Himself whensœver He pleaseth.

Whatever misfortune befalleth you, it is because of that which your hands have wrought; and yet He forgiveth many things.

Ye can in no wise frustrate (the Divine power) on earth; neither shall ye have any protector or defender against God.

And among His signs are the ships moving majestically on the sea like mountains. If He please, He calmeth the wind, and they lie still on the back of the water. Verily, herein are signs to every patient and grateful one.

Or He causeth them to be shipwrecked, for the evil that they (which sail in them) have wrought; and yet He forgiveth much.

(From the *Qorân*; translated by SIR W. MUIR, K.C.S.I.)

A SONG OF PRAISE.

To God, ye choir above, begin
A hymn so loud and strong
That all the universe may hear
And join the grateful song.

Praise Him, thou sun, Who dwells unseen
Amidst transcendent light,
Where thy refulgent orb would seem
A spot, as dark as night.

Thou silver moon, ye host of stars,
The universal song
Through the serene and silent night
To listening worlds prolong.

Sing Him, ye distant worlds and suns,
From whence no travelling ray
Hath yet to us, through ages past,
Had time to make its way.

Assist, ye raging storms, and bear
On rapid wings His praise,
From north to south, from east to west,
Through heaven, and earth, and seas
Exert your voice, ye furious fires
That rend the watery cloud,
And thunder to this nether world
Your Maker's words aloud.

Ye works of God, that dwell unknown
Beneath the rolling main ;
Ye birds, that sing among the groves,
And sweep the azure plain ;

Ye stately hills, that rear your heads,
And towering pierce the sky ;
Ye clouds, that with an awful pace
Majestic roll on high ;

Ye insects small, to which one leaf
Within its narrow sides

A vast extended world displays,
And spacious realms provides ;

Ye race, still less than these, with which
The stagnant water teems,
To which one drop, however small,
A boundless ocean seems ;

Whatever ye are, where'er ye dwell,
Ye creatures great or small ;
Adore the wisdom, praise the power,
That made and governs all.

THE LOVE OF GOD.

From the 'Afghan or Pushtu, translated by the REV. G. SMALL, M.A.).

My soul's vitality exists in Thee,
 O ! Thou than soul itself more dear to me !
 The Author Thou of all this mundane sphere,
 O ! Thou than all the world to me more dear !
 Thy comprehension knows no bound or end !
 Yet all things Thee can never comprehend !
 The centre-point of faith consists in Thee,
 O ! Thou than faith more precious far to me !
 From whence can bliss in Heaven itself arise
 Apart from having Thee before mine eyes ?
 My heart is rent with yearnings after Thee,
 O ! Thou more longed for ev'n than Heaven by me !
 Omnipotence, infinitude are Thine ;
 Of all most precious things art Thou the mine—
 Without similitude, without compeer—
 O ! Thou than every mine to me more dear !
 Of every living thing art Thou the breath,
 From whose withdrawment cometh instant death
 All inspiration's a part of Thee,
 Than inspiration ev'n more dear to me !
 Vitality's repository Thou—
 Who all things dost Thyself with life endow !
 At times invisible—at others clear,
 But—hidden or revealed—to me most dear !
 A voice art Thou of many a kind and strain,
 Surrounding all things, and yet never plain ;
 By form distinguished Thou dost not appear,
 But, every way, art Thou to me most dear !
 Thou altogether art inscrutable ;
 In midst of visibles invisible.
 Who can describe that which they cannot see ?
 O ! Thou beyond description dear to me !

DIFFERENCE AND AGREEMENT; OR, RELIGIOUS TOLERATION.

It was Sunday morning. All the bells were ringing for church, and the streets were filled with people moving in all directions.

Here, numbers of well-dressed persons, and a long train of school children, were thronging in at the wide doors of a large handsome church. There, a smaller number, almost equally gay in dress, were entering an elegant meeting-house. Up one alley, a Roman Catholic congregation was turning into its retired chapel, every one crossing himself with a finger dipped in holy water as he went in. The opposite side of the street was covered with a train of Quakers, distinguished by their plain and neat attire and sedate aspect, who walked without ceremony into a room as plain as themselves, and took their seats, the men on one side, and the women on the other, in silence. A spacious building was filled with an overflowing crowd of Methodists, most of them meanly habited, but decent and serious in demeanour; while a small society of Baptists in the neighbourhood quietly occupied their humble place of assembly.

Presently the different services began. The churches resounded with the solemn organ, and with the indistinct murmurs of a large body of people following the minister in responsive prayers. From the meetings were heard the slow psalm, and the single voice of the leader of their devotions. The Roman Catholic chapel was enlivened by strains of music, the tinkling of a small bell, and a perpetual change of service and ceremonial. A profound silence and unvarying look and posture announced the self-recollection and mental devotion of the Quakers.

Mr. Ambrose led his son Edwin round all these different assemblies as a spectator. Edwin viewed everything with great attention, and was often impatient to inquire of his

father the meaning of what he saw; but Mr. Ambrose would not suffer him to disturb any of the congregations, even by a whisper. When they had gone through the whole, Edwin found a great number of questions to put to his father, who explained everything to him in the best manner he could. At length says Edwin—"But why cannot all these people agree to go to the same place, and worship God the same way?"

"And why should they agree?" replied his father. "Do not you see that people differ in a hundred other things? Do they all dress alike, and eat and drink alike, and keep the same hours, and use the same diversions?"

"Ay! but those are things in which they have a right to do as they please."

"And they have a right, too, to worship God as they please. It is their own business, and concerns none but themselves."

"But has not God ordered particular ways of worshipping Him?"

"He has directed the mind and spirit with which He is to be worshipped, but not the particular form and manner. That is left for every one to choose, according as suits his temper and opinions. All these people like their own way best, and why should they leave it for the choice of another? Religion is one of the things in which *mankind were made to differ.*"

The several congregations now began to be dismissed, and the street was again overspread with persons of all the different sects, going promiscuously to their respective homes. It chanced that a poor man fell down in the street in a fit of apoplexy, and lay for dead. His wife and children stood round him crying and lamenting in the bitterest distress. The beholders immediately flocked round, and, with looks and expressions of the warmest compassion, gave their help. A Churchman raised the man from the ground

by lifting him under the arms, while a Dissenter held his head and wiped his face with his handkerchief. A Roman Catholic lady took out her smelling-bottle, and assiduously applied it to his nose. A Methodist ran for a doctor. A Quaker supported and comforted the woman, and a Baptist took care of the children.

Edwin and his father were among the spectators.

"Here," said Mr. Ambrose, "is a thing in which *mankind were made to agree*."—*Evenings at Home*.

A PRAYER TO GOD.

God of my life, and Author of my days !
 Permit my feeble voice to lisp Thy praise ;
 And trembling take upon a mortal tongue
 That hallowed Name to harps of seraphs sung :
 Yet here the brightest seraphs could no more
 Than hide their faces, tremble, and adore.
 Worms, angels, men, in every different sphere,
 Are equal all, for all are nothing here.
 All nature faints beneath the mighty Name,
 Which nature's works, thro' all her parts, proclaim.
 I feel that Name my inmost thoughts control,
 And breathe an awful stillness through my soul.
 As by a charm, the waves of grief subside ;
 Impetuous passion stops her headlong tide.
 At Thy felt presence all emotions cease,
 And my hushed spirit finds a sudden peace
 Till every worldly thought within me dies,
 And earth's gay pageants vanish from my eyes ;
 Till all my sense is lost in infinite,
 And one vast object fills my aching sight.

But soon, alas ! this holy calm is broke ;
 My soul submits to wear her wonted yoke ;

With shackled pinion strives to soar in vain,
 And mingle with the dross of earth again.
 But He, our gracious Master, kind and just,
 Knowing our frame, remembers man is dust.
 His spirit, ever brooding o'er our mind,
 Sees the first wish to better hopes inclined ;
 Marks the young dawn of every virtuous aim,
 And fans the smoking flax into a flame.
 His ears are open to the softest cry,
 His grace descends to meet the lifted eye ;
 He reads the language of a silent tear,
 And sighs are incense from a heart sincere.
 Such are the vows, the sacrifice I give :
 Accept the vow, and bid the suppliant live :
 From each terrestrial bondage set me free ;
 Still every wish that centres not in Thee ;
 Bid my fond hopes, my vain disquiets, cease,
 And point my path to everlasting peace.

'If the soft hand of winning pleasure leads
 By living waters, and through flowery meads,
 When all is smiling, tranquil, and serene,
 And vernal beauty paints the flattering scene,
 Oh ! teach me to elude each latent snare,
 And whisper to my sliding heart—Beware !
 With caution let me hear the siren's voice,
 And doubtful, with a trembling heart, rejoice.
 If friendless in a vale of tears I stray,
 Where briars wound, and thorns perplex my way,
 Still let my steady soul Thy goodness see,
 And with strong confidence lay hold on Thee ;
 With equal eye my various lot receive,
 Resigned to die, or resolute to live ;
 Prepared to kiss the sceptre or the rod,
 While God is seen in all, and all in God.

I read His awful name emblazoned high
With golden letters on the illumined sky ;
Nor less the mystic characters I see
Wrought in each flower, inscribed on every tree :
In every leaf that trembles to the breeze
I hear the voice of God among the trees.
With Thee in shady solitudes I walk ;
With Thee in busy crowded cities talk ;
In every creature own Thy forming power ;
In each event Thy providence adore :
Thy hopes shall animate my drooping soul,
Thy precepts guide me, and Thy fear control.
Thus shall I rest, unmoved by all alarms,
Secure within the temple of Thine arms.
From anxious cares, from gloomy terrors free,
And feel myself victorious in Thee.
Then when, at last, the closing hour draws nigh,
And earth recedes before my swimming eye,
When trembling on the doubtful edge of fate,
I stand, and stretch my view to either state ;
Teach me to quit this transitory scene,
With decent triumph and a look serene ;
Teach me to fix my ardent hopes on high,
And, having lived to Thee, in Thee to die.

MRS. BARBAULD





CHAPTER II.

CONSCIENTIOUSNESS.

EVERY human being possesses a sense of Right and Wrong, planted in his mind by God. There is, within each one of us, a still small voice, which tells us that what we are doing, or saying, or thinking, is either right or wrong. The more carefully we listen to this small voice and follow its advice, the more clear and unmistakeable will its teachings become, and the more easily shall we be able to find out what is our Duty in every case of doubt. This voice is called the voice of Conscience, and the man who obeys it is called a conscientious man. The habitual cultivation of reverence to God, of gratitude for His goodness, of trust in His merciful care, of obedience to His divine will, produces and confirms in us the great virtue of Conscientiousness. And since our conscience gives us a rule by which to regulate our thoughts, our words, and our actions, Conscientiousness may, in one sense, be said to include all the other virtues.

An Anglo-Indian writer well illustrates by the following anecdote, the way in which our conscience guides us:—

A little child, who afterwards became a great and good man, when in his fourth year saw a small tortoise, which he was tempted to strike with a stick. He says: "But all at once something checked my little arm, and a voice within

me said clear and loud, 'It is wrong.' I hastened home, and told my tale to my mother, and asked what it was that told me it was 'wrong'? She wiped a tear from her eyes, and taking me in her arms, said, 'Some men call it conscience, but I prefer to call it the voice of God in the soul of man. If you listen and obey it, then it will speak clearer and clearer, and always guide you right; but if you turn a deaf ear or disobey, then it will fade out, little by little, and leave you in the dark without a guide. Your life depends on heeding that little voice.'"

Lord Erskine, a man of the highest character, owed his influence with others to the great respect that was felt for his strict obedience to the dictates of duty. He said, "It was a first command and counsel of my earliest youth, always to do what my conscience declared to be a duty, and to leave the consequences to God. I shall carry with me the memory, and I trust the practice, of this parental lesson to the grave. I have hitherto followed it, and I have no reason to complain that my obedience to it has been a temporal sacrifice. I have found it, on the contrary, the road to prosperity and wealth, and I shall point out the same path to my children for their pursuit."

• The career of the late Francis Horner is a remarkable instance of the power wielded by a truly conscientious man, owing to the trust and confidence that are inspired by his character. Lord Cockburn says of him:—

"The valuable and peculiar light in which his history is calculated to strike every right-minded youth, is this. He died at the age of thirty-eight; possessed of greater public influence than any other private man; and admired, beloved, trusted, and deplored by all, except the heartless or the base. No greater homage was ever paid in Parliament to any deceased member. Now let every young man ask—how was this attained? By rank? He was the son of an Edinburgh merchant. By wealth? Neither he, nor any of his relations,

ever had a superfluous sixpence. By office? He held but one, and only for a few years, of no influence, and with very little pay. By talents? His were not splendid, and he had no genius. Cautious and slow, his only ambition was to be right. By eloquence? He spoke in calm, good taste, without any of the oratory that either terrifies or seduces. By any fascination of manner? His was only correct and agreeable. By what, then, was it? Merely by sense, industry, good principles, and a good heart—qualities which no well-constituted mind need ever despair of attaining. It was the force of his character that raised him; and this character not impressed upon him by nature, but formed, out of no peculiarly fine elements, by himself. There were many in the House of Commons of far greater ability and eloquence. But no one surpassed him in the combination of an adequate portion of these with moral worth. Horner was born to show what moderate powers, unaided by anything whatever except culture and goodness, may achieve, even when these powers are displayed amidst the competition and jealousy of public life."

Nothing conduces so much to true happiness and peace of mind as the consciousness that we have endeavoured to do our duty, and to follow in all things the voice of conscience. Shakespeare says:—

"I feel within me
A peace above all earthly dignities,
A still and quiet conscience."

And on the other hand, no unhappiness is so despairing and hopeless as that which comes from the remembrance of having acted against our conscience. Milton alludes to this, when he writes:—

"Now conscience wakes despair,
That slumbered, wakes the bitter memory
Of what he was, what is, and what must be."

Another English writer says :—

The happiness of human kind
Consists in honesty of mind :
A will subdued to reason's sway,
And passions practised to obey ;
An open and a generous heart,
Refined from selfishness and art ;
Patience, which mocks at fortune's power ;
And wisdom, neither sad nor sour.

In the *Mahābhārata* (translated from the Sanskrit by Dr. JOHN MUIR, C. I. E.) we read :—

Let all thy acts by day be right,
That thou mayest sweetly rest at night ;
Let such good deeds thy youth engage,
That thou mayst spend a tranquil age
So act through life, that not in vain
Thou heavenly bliss mayst hope to gain.

The conscientious man will often examine himself, and inquire rigidly whether he has been doing what is right. This duty is enjoined in the *Sārṅgadharma-paddhati* (translated from the Sanskrit by Dr. JOHN MUIR, C. I. E.) thus :—

The sage will ne'er allow a day
Unmarked by good to pass away ;
But waking up, will often ask,
“ Have I this day fulfilled my task ?
With this, with each, day's setting sun,
A part of my brief life is run.”

And again—

With daily scrutinising ken
Let every man his actions try,
Inquiring, “ What with brutes have I
In common, what with noble men ? ”

A FATHER'S ADVICE TO A SON.

FIRST, my dear child, worship and adore God; think and speak of Him with reverence; magnify His providence, adore His power; be constant in His service; and pray to Him daily.

Next to this love your neighbour (which means all mankind) as you love yourself; think how God loves all mankind, how merciful He is to them, how tender He is of them, how carefully He preserves them; and then strive to love our fellow-creatures as God loves them.

Let truth and sincerity be the only ornament of your language, and study how to think of all things as they deserve.

Let your dress be sober, clean, and modest. In your meat and drink observe the rules of temperance and sobriety, consider your body only as the servant of your soul, and only nourish the one so as it may best perform the service of the other.

Let every day be a day of humility; relieve the wants, and rejoice in the prosperity, of your fellow-creatures; feel for their distress, and forgive their malice.

The time of practising these precepts, my child, will soon be over; the world will soon slip through your hands, or rather you will soon slip through it; it seems, but the other day when I received these hints from my dear father, that I am now leaving with you.—LAW.

THE CONSCIENTIOUS MAN.

(Translated from the Sanskrit.)

To whom is glory justly due?
To those who pride and hate subdue
Who, 'mid the joys that lure the sense,
Lead lives of holy abstinence;

Who, when reviled, their tongues restrain,
 And, injured, injure not again;
 Who ask of none, but freely give
 Most liberal to all that live;
 Who toil unresting through the day,
 Their parents' joy and hope and stay;
 Who welcome to their homes the guest,
 And banish envy from their breast,
 With reverent study love to pore
 On precepts of our sacred lore;
 Who work not, speak not, think not sin,
 In body pure, and pure within,
 Whom avarice can ne'er mislead
 To guilty thought or sinful deed;
 Those hero-souls cast fear away
 When battling in a rightful fray;
 Who speak the truth with dying breath
 Undaunted by approaching death,
 Their lives illumined with beacon light
 To guide their brothers' steps aright
 Who loving all, to all endeared,
 Fearless of all by none are feared,
 For whom the world with all therein,
 Dear as themselves, is more than kin
 Who yield to others, wisely meek,
 The honours which they scorn to seek;
 Who toil that rage and hate may cease,
 And lure embittered foes to peace;
 Who serve their God, the laws obey,
 And earnest, faithful, work and pray;
 To these, the bounteous, pure, and true,
 Is highest glory justly due.

(From the *Mahabharata*; translated by GRIFFITH.)



CHAPTER III.

SELF-CONTROL.

TEMPERANCE ; PURITY ; GENTLENESS ; PATIENCE OR FORTITUDE ; PATIENCE OR MAGNANIMITY ; MERCY ; SELF-DENIAL ; SELF-DISCIPLINE AND FRUGALITY ; MODESTY AND GOOD MANNERS ; PRESENCE OF MIND.

ONE of the first and most necessary applications of that Conscientiousness, that desire to do our duty, and to obey the will of God, which I have described in the last chapter, is to be found in the exercise of Self-control. There is no man whom his conscience more loudly or more clearly condemns than the one who is the slave of his appetites and passions. In every country, and in every age of the world's history, all good men have earnestly preached, as the first aim of moral education, the necessity of raising ourselves above the level of the brute beasts by the conquest of evil desires and carnal passions. In the *Mahābhārata* we read, "How can a prince, who has not overcome himself, overcome his enemies?" Solomon wrote, "He that hath no rule over his own spirit is like a city that is broken down and without walls;" and again, "He that ruleth his spirit is better than he that taketh a city." And an English writer of the present day (Herbert Spencer) says:—"In the supremacy of Self-control consists one of the perfections of the ideal

man. Not to be impulsive, not to be spurred hither and thither by each desire that in turn comes uppermost, but to be self-restrained, self-balanced, governed by the joint decision of the feelings in council assembled, before whom every action shall have been fully debated and calmly determined—that it is which education, moral education at least, strives to produce.”

The ease with which we can form the habit of self-restraint depends, in some degree, on the discipline to which we have been subject in early life. The good advice, the warnings, the punishments we have received from loving parents, or from pastors or masters, will prove aids to us in this matter; so will the example of good friends and associates. But it is the power of every human being, and his bounden duty, to discipline himself; promptly to suppress every ungente impulse, and sternly to check every unholy desire. And each successive exercise of this moral discipline will leave him morally stronger than before, and able more easily to triumph over himself in future.

Clarendon the historian said of the great Hampden, “No man had ever a greater power over himself. He was very temperate in diet, and a supreme governor over all his passions and affections; and he had thereby great power over other men’s.” The noble Strafford had by nature an ungovernable temper, and we learn from one of his letters how he proposed to conquer it:—“You give me a good lesson,” he wrote, “to be patient. And, indeed, my years and natural inclinations give me heat more than enough; which, however, I trust more experience shall cool, and a watch over myself in time altogether overcome.” Of Washington, again, the great founder of the American State, his biographer says:—“His passions were strong, and sometimes they broke out with vehemence, but he had the power of checking them in an instant. Perhaps Self-control was the most remarkable trait of his character. It was in part

the effect of discipline; yet he seems by nature to have possessed this power in a degree which has been denied to other men." A great poet wrote :-

Reader, attend—whether thy soul
Soars Fancy's flights beyond the Pole,
Or darkling grubs this earthly hole

In low pursuit ;

Know—prudent, cautious Self-control
Is wisdom's root.

TEMPERANCE.—Of the various forms of Self-control, *Temperance* is that which leads us to be temperate or moderate in all things, and especially in regard to food and drink. Food and drink are to be taken in such quantities and of such kinds as to keep our bodies in health. To eat more than is necessary for this purpose is gluttonous, and gluttony is both contemptible and disgusting in itself, and also injurious to health. "He that dieteth himself," says an old writer, "prolongeth his life." Moreover, to think much about the palatable taste of food, or to devote oneself to luxury's eating, is the mark of a sensual man; and frequently leads to over-eating and sickness. According to a Tamil proverb, "The epicure digs his grave with his teeth," whilst there is an Arabic proverb to the effect that a man's own belly is often one of his worst enemies.

The worst form of Intemperance, however, is that which consists in drinking to excess of alcoholic or intoxicating drinks, for herein is not only the sensuality that disgraces the glutton, but also the mad folly that induces a man to take that which overturns his reason, and threatens to destroy both mind and body together." Sir Walter Scott said, "Of all vices drinking is the most incompatible with greatness." And Mr. Smiles writes thus eloquently of the

vice of drinking.—“Were it possible to conceive the existence of a tyrant who should compel his people to give up to him one-third or more of their earnings, and require them at the same time to consume a commodity that should brutalise and degrade them, destroy the peace and comfort of their families, and sow in themselves the seeds of disease and premature death—what indignation meetings, what monster processions, there would be! What eloquent speeches and apostrophes to the spirit of liberty!—what appeals against a despotism so monstrous and so unnatural! And yet such a tyrant really exists amongst us—the tyrant of unrestrained appetite, whom no force of arms, or voices, or votes, can resist, while men are willing to be his slaves.”

The power of this tyrant can only be overcome by moral means—by self-discipline, self-respect, and self-control. There is no other way of withstanding the despotism of appetite in any of its forms

PURITY—Another form of Self-control, not less important than Temperance, is Purity; which forbids the indulgence of wantonness or lust, either in thought, or in word, or in deed. Paley has remarked of the sin of sensuality, that it “corrupts and depraves the mind and moral character more than any single species of vice what ever. That ready perception of guilt, that prompt and decisive resolution against it, which constitutes a virtuous character, is seldom found in persons addicted to these indulgences. They prepare an easy admission for every sin that seeks it.” In the *Kural* of Tiru Valluva, the great Tamil poet, we read, in regard to this sin—

No boasted qualities protect
The wretch by thought of sin uncheck'd,
The guilt, made light of, yet will stay;
The fault will never fade away.

There is an impressive passage in *Mrichchhakatika* that warns youth against impurity:—"Oh, let the virtuous youth beware the wanton's wiles, whose charms are like flowers that bloom on a burial-ground. The waves of the sea are less unsteady, and the brightness of the setting-sun is less fleeting, than the love of a strange woman; whose aim is money only, and who casts her love aside as a squeezed colour-bag as soon as he is drained of all his wealth."

The slightest tendency to harbour impure thoughts in the mind must be struggled with and overcome at once. Foul and obscene language could never be indulged in by any one, did we all continually bear in mind that there is One who sees and hears all we do and say always—a God of infinite holiness and purity. Impure books, or books that even suggest impure thoughts, should be shunned as more polluted and pestilential than a plague. And lastly, the company of wicked associates inevitably leads to degradation of character, and is especially likely to discourage purity of thought, word, and deed. A Spanish proverb says, "Live with wolves and you will soon learn to howl."

GENTLENESS. — Self control, in regard to the temper banishes anger and evil-speaking, and makes us gentle in bearing, in word, and in deed. Gentleness is the peculiar attribute of the gentleman—the man who lives a gentle, blameless life. "We must be gentle, now we are gentlemen," said Shakspeare. The great orator and statesman Burke thus wrote of this virtue:—"Believe me that the arms with which the ill-dispositions of the world are to be combated, and the qualities by which it is to be reconciled to us and we reconciled to it, are moderation, gentleness, a little indulgence to others, and a great deal of distrust of ourselves; which are not qualities of a mean spirit, as some may possibly think them, but virtues of a great and noble

•kind, and such as dignify our nature as much as they contribute to our repose and fortune ; for nothing can be so unworthy of a well-composed soul as to pass away life in bickerings and litigations—in snarling and scuffling with every one about us. We must be at peace with our species, if not for their sakes, at least very much for our own.” “By gentleness,” said Sadi, “you may lead an elephant by a hair ;” and again, “Even the sharpest sword will not cut soft silk.” And a Tamil proverb has it, “The hard rock that cannot be broken by a lever of iron, may yet be split by the root of a green tree.”

PATIENCE.—Self-control, when exercised under suffering, or under a sense of injury or insult, is called *patience*. It teaches us to bear pain and grief without murmuring or complaint, and insult and injury without retaliation or revenge.

PATIENCE, OR FORTITUDE. — Patience, •fortitude, or resignation under suffering is an heroic cast of temper. Dr Johnson used to say that the habit of making the best of any ill-fortune that may happen to us is worth far more than a thousand pounds a year. We are certain to meet with some ills, smaller or greater, well-nigh every day of our lives ; and they are diminished in severity, and are far more easily borne, when we have accustomed ourselves to bear them with patience and fortitude. On the other hand, grumbling or irritability under them magnifies the ills themselves, renders us less able to bear them, and makes us a nuisance to all our neighbours.

The words in which Jeremy Taylor describes his own frame of mind when in great adversity, turned out of house and home, and pecuniarily ruined, well illustrate the beauty and the advantages of patience and fortitude :—

"I am fallen into the hands of publicans and sequestrators, and they have taken all from me; what now? Let me look about me. They have left me the sun and moon, a loving wife, and many friends to pity me, and some to relieve me; and I can still discourse, and, unless I list, they have not taken away my merry countenance and my cheerful spirit, and a good conscience; they have still left me the providence of God, and all the promises of the Gospel, and my religion, and my hopes of heaven, and my charity to them, too; and still I sleep and digest, I eat and drink, I read and meditate. . . . And he that hath so many causes of joy, and so great, is very much in love with sorrow and peevishness, who leaves all these pleasures, and chooses to sit down upon his little handful of thorns."

Plato, the great Greek philosopher, in his *Republic* (translated by Jowett) says—

"The law would say that to be patient under suffering is best, and that we should not give way to impatience, as there is no knowing whether such things are good or evil; and nothing is gained by impatience; also, because no human thing is of serious importance, and grief stands in the way of that which, at the moment, is most required."

Fortitude, in its literal meaning, is the virtue that is characteristic of the strong, brave man, the hero.

PATIENCE OR MAGNANIMITY.—The patience or magnanimity that bears an insult or an injury without wishing for retaliation or revenge is a virtue even more heroic than the patience that endures suffering without a murmur, for it bespeaks greater self-control. In the Bible it is written: "Ye have heard that it hath been said, Thou shalt love thy neighbour and hate thine enemy. But I say unto you, Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them

that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you, and persecute you; that ye may be the children of your Father which is in heaven." And further, "Let not the sun go down upon your wrath"—that is, do not retain your anger from day to day. A malicious and revengeful man torments himself as well as his enemy. The forgiving man often turns an enemy into a friend; whilst he always has the happiness of the approval of his own conscience, and "heaps coals of fire" on the head of his enemy. Lord Herbert said—"He that cannot forgive others, breaks the bridge over which he must pass himself; for every man hath need to be forgiven." Both in politics and in business, forbearance and generosity in forgiving injuries smooth the road of life, and give the magnanimous man many great and substantial advantages, in addition to that greatest advantage of all, the consciousness of doing right. And all this is true of patience and forbearance in regard to words as much as deeds. "A soft answer turneth away wrath"; and the wise man will in every case listen without retort, and "refrain until the angry flash has passed." It was one of the sayings of Solomon, "The mouth of a wise man is in his heart, the heart of a fool is in his mouth." And so, too, of words written. A Spanish proverb says:—"The goose's quill hurts more than the lion's claw"; and the magnanimous man will forgive his slanderer, rather than write cruel, bitter words against him. The great chemist and philosopher Faraday thus wrote to Professor Tyndall on this point:—"Let me, as an old man, who ought by this time to have profited by experience, say that when I was younger I found I often misrepresented the intentions of people, and that they did not mean what at the time I supposed they meant; and further, that, as a general rule, it was better to be a little dull of apprehension where phrases seemed to imply pique, and quick in perception when, on the contrary, they seemed to imply kindly feeling. The real truth never fails ultimately

to appear; and opposing parties, if wrong, are sooner convinced when replied to forbearingly, than when overwhelmed. All I mean to say is, that it is better to be blind to the results of partisanship, and quick to see goodwill. One has more happiness in one's self in endeavouring to follow the things that make for peace. You can hardly imagine how often I have been heated in private when opposed, as I have thought unjustly and superciliously, and yet I have striven, and succeeded, I hope, in keeping down replies of the like kind. And I know I have never lost by it." "If ye love them which love you, what reward have ye?" In the *Panchatantra* (as translated by Dr. John Muir, C.I.E.), I find, "What a virtue is there in the goodness of the man who is good to his benefactors!—he only who is good to those who do him wrong is called good by the virtuous." In the Sanskrit *Mahābhārata* occurs a maxim (which is also found in the Pāli *Dhammapada* of the Buddhists) worthy of all attention—"Let a man conquer anger with calmness, a bad man by goodness, a niggard by generosity, and falsehood by truth." And St. Paul wrote to the early Christians at Rome—"Bless them which persecute you: bless, and curse not." And, again, "Dearly beloved, avenge not yourselves, but rather give place unto wrath; for it is written, Vengeance is Mine; I will repay, saith the Lord. Therefore if thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink: for in so doing thou shalt heap coals of fire on his head. Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good." There is a Bengali proverb, "The hot-tempered man cannot find peace, even if he retire to the forest."



MERCY.—Closely akin to the virtue of Patience or Forbearance is that of *Mercy*. If God were severe to mark everything that we do amiss, we all should be condemned in his sight: how much more then should we be merciful

towards our fellow-creatures ! In the Bible this virtue is inculcated by the parable of a king, to whom one of his servants owed an immense debt :—

“ But forasmuch as he had not to pay, his lord commanded him to be sold, and his wife, and children, and all that he had, and payment to be made. The servant therefore fell down, and worshipped him, saying, Lord, have patience with me, and I will pay thee all. Then the lord of that servant was moved with compassion, and loosed him, and forgave him the debt. But the same servant went out, and found one of his fellow-servants, which owed him a hundred pence : and he laid hands on him, and took him by the throat, saying, Pay me that thou owest. And his fellow-servant fell down at his feet, and besought him, saying, Have patience with me, and I will pay thee all. And he would not : but went and cast him into prison till he should pay the debt. So when his fellow-servants saw what was done, they were very sorry, and came and told unto their lord all that was done. Then his lord, after that he had called him, said unto him, O thou wicked servant, I forgave thee all that debt, because thou desiredst me : shouldst not thou also have had compassion on thy fellow-servant, even as I had pity on thee ? And his lord was wroth, and delivered him to the tormentors, till he should pay all that was due unto him. So likewise shall My heavenly Father do also unto you, if ye from your hearts forgive not every one his brother their trespasses.”

In the *Qarān*, the Deity is very frequently indicated by this trustful phrase, “the Merciful.” In the *Māhābhārata* it is said, “Those offenders who have erred through ignorance should be pardoned, for it is not easy for a man to be wise in every respect.” Whilst in the *Rāmāyana* we find it written, “A noble man should show mercy to men whether virtuous or wicked, or even deserving of death ; there is no one who does not offend.”

SELF-DENIAL, SELF-DISCIPLINE, AND FRUGALITY.—In the man of perfect character—and that is the standard at which we should all aim, though we may not be able to attain it—the habit of Self-control will be so confirmed, that he will be able without grief to deny himself in all things, both small and great, when by doing so he can benefit others. In this way he becomes a thoroughly unselfish man, beloved by all, and approved by God. And often, for the sake of self-discipline, he will deny himself in even perfectly legitimate enjoyments or gratifications. The life of the high-minded Sir James Outram shows us many examples of a spirit of unselfishness that was sublime. When he was sent to join General Havelock in effecting the relief of Lucknow, he was entitled, as senior officer, to take command of the relieving army; but he insisted on joining it as a volunteer, so as to leave to Havelock the glory of completing the work of the campaign. Lord Clyde said of this noble act, "With such reputation as Major-General Outram has won for himself, he can afford to share glory and honour with others; but that does not lessen the value of the sacrifice he has made with such disinterested generosity."

The Self-control of the magnanimous man leads him also to be frugal in his mode of life, and in his expenditure on himself, and his own pleasures and comfort. His generosity leads him to prefer to devote the superfluity of his wealth (if he is blessed with wealth) to the comfort of others, and the relief of necessity and suffering; whilst he scorns the idea of pampering his own desires. And if he is not wealthy, he scorns still more the idea of running into debt, of gratifying himself by an expenditure above that which he can properly afford. It is told of Socrates that when he saw a quantity of rich jewels and valuable commodities being carried through Athens, he said, "Now, do I see how many things I do not desire!"

MODESTY AND GOOD MANNERS.—Self-conceit and Self-glorification are two hateful failings that are conquered by Self-control. The man of undisciplined and uncultured mind is apt to be arrogant; to think a great deal of any excellence he may possess, and even of excellences that he wrongly fancies he possesses; and to show, by a self-sufficient or boastful manner, that he thinks himself better than other folks. Young men who have learnt a little, or have been somewhat successful in their studies, are sometimes over-elated by their "little knowledge"; their "heads are turned," if they are lacking in Self-control, and they show that they regard themselves as very wonderful persons. This is very foolish; it makes them objects of ridicule, and often injures their success in life. But it is also wrong, which is far more important; for it shows that they have not attained that conquest of self and selfishness which is one of man's first duties, as we have seen.

Self-respect is a sentiment which we all ought to entertain, and I shall speak of it again hereafter in Chapter IV. "Good manners" are formed by the combination of Modesty with Self-respect in exactly the right proportions; but I think that Modesty is a more preponderating element of Good Manners than Self-respect. "Manners are the shadows of virtues," said Sidney Smith, and Tennyson, the Poet-Laureate, thus writes:

Manners are not idle, but the fruit
Of noble nature and of loyal mind.

PRESENCE OF MIND.—Presence of mind is that kind of Self-control which enables us to control our fears, or our excitement at moments of sudden danger or sudden embarrassment, to collect our thoughts rapidly, and to act with promptitude and calmness on such occasions. To do

so will be easy to those who have accustomed themselves resolutely and courageously to do immediately whatever Duty may require, regardless of consequences. The proverb of the Malay sailor runs thus, "It is not a time to be sulky when there is much water in the hold of the ship"; and this teaches us that we should act promptly in times of danger, and cheerfully do the best we can to mitigate the danger.

It is well for us to learn beforehand what is the best thing to be done in case of accidents occurring to ourselves or to our neighbours, so that we may be able to act wisely without a moment's delay. This is especially advisable in the case of the more common forms of accidents, such as burns, scalds, wounds, snake-bites, and the like; terrible suffering has often been mitigated, and valuable lives have often been saved, by the prompt use of the wisest remedies in such emergencies. For instance, when a person's clothes have accidentally caught fire, serious injury and even death may ensue if the person foolishly runs hither and thither to seek assistance in a panic, thereby increasing the conflagration. The best thing for a bystander to do is, to throw him down, and wrap him closely in a blanket, shawl, or carpet, which will smother the flames. So in the case of a scald, the best thing is the immediate application of oil; in the case of a wound, the immediate staunching of the flow of blood; in the case of a snake-bite, the immediate application of a very tight ligature or binding above the wound, so as to arrest as much as possible the flow of the poison in the blood to the vital parts. Calmness in moments of sudden danger is a characteristic of a man who is both wise and courageous.

EPICTETUS ON SELF-CONQUEST.

You must teach men that happiness is not where, in their blindness and misery, they seek it. It is not in strength, for Myro and Ofellius were not happy; not in wealth, for Croesus was not happy; not in power, for the Consuls were not happy; not in these together; for Nero and Sardanapalus and Agamemnon sighed and wept and tore their hair, and were the slaves of circumstances and the dupes of semblances. It lies in yourselves; in true freedom, in the absence or conquest of every ignoble fear; in perfect self-government; and in a power of contentment and peace, and the even flow of life amid poverty, exile, disease, and the very valley of the shadow of death.

SELF-CONTROL PRACTISED IN AYODHYA, BY
THE ANCIENT HINDUS.

(Translated from the Sanskrit.)

By penance, charity, and truth,
They kept each sense controlled,
And, giving freely of their store,
Rivalled the saints of old.
Her dames were peerless for the charm
Of figure, voice, and face:
For lovely modesty and truth,
And woman's gentle grace.
Their husbands, loyal, wise, and kind,
Were heroes in the field,
And, sternly battling with the foe,
Could die, but never yield.

The poorest man was richly blest
 With knowledge, wit, and health ;
 Each lived contented with his own,
 Nor envied other's wealth.
 All scorned to lie : no miser there
 His buried silver stored :
 The braggart and the boast were shunned,
 The slanderous tongue abhorred.
 Each kept his high observances,
 And loved one faithful spouse ;
 And troops of happy children crowned,
 With fruit, their holy vows.

(Translated from the *Rāmāyana* : by R. T. H. GRIFFITH, M.A.)

OVERCOME EVIL WITH GOOD.

(Translated from the *Pali*.)

With meekness conquer wrath, and ill with ruth ;
 By giving, niggards vanquish ; lies, with truth.

(From the *Dhammapāṭi* : translated by DR. JOHN MUIR, C.I.E.)

PURITY GAINED BY SELF-DISCIPLINE.

(Translated from the *Sanskrit*.)

SIN practised oft, experience shows,
 Men's understanding steals at length ;
 And understanding gone, the strength
 Of sin, unchecked, resistless grows ;
 But virtue ever practised lends
 The understanding firmer sway ;
 And understanding day by day
 More widely virtue's rule extends.

(From the *Mahābhārata* : translated by DR. JOHN MUIR, C.I.E.)

A WELL-SPENT LIFE.

"You are old, father William," the young man cried,

"The few locks that are left you are gray :

You are hale, father William, a hearty old man ;

Now tell me the reason, I pray ? "

"In the days of my youth," father William replied,

"I remembered that youth would fly fast ;

And abused not my health and my vigour at first,

That I never might need them at last."

"You are old, father William," the young man cried,

"And pleasures with youth pass away ;

And yet you lament not the days that are gone ;

Now tell me the reason, I pray ? "

"In the days of my youth," father William replied,

"I remembered that youth would not last,

I thought on the future, whatever I did,

That I never might grieve for the past."

"You are old, father William," the young man cried

"And life must be hastening away ;

You are cheerful, and love to converse upon death,

Now tell me the reason, I pray ? "

"I am cheerful, young man," father William replied ;

"Let the cause thy attention engage :

In the days of my youth I remembered my God,

And He hath not forgotten my age."

SOUTHEY.

A DRUNKARD'S DEATH.

IN a neighbouring town there lived a man, a few months ago, who was what is commonly called, "a moderate drinker." He was of a respectable standing in society, had acquired a considerable amount of property, and had a flourishing family round him.

From his youth upwards he had been in the habit of taking daily a moderate quantity of ardent spirits. In this way a taste was formed, "which grew with his growth, and strengthened with his strength," till he had nearly passed middle life.

The enemy, thus unconsciously fostered, had now acquired a firm hold, and not satisfied, must push its conquests farther. The man gave up all business, and devoted himself entirely to rum-drinking—the service of his new master. His countenance soon exhibited that fiery-red appearance which is so characteristic of the drunkard.

A friend saw the progress he was making in the drunkard's path, and ventured to expostulate with him. He replied, in a surly tone—"My money is my own, and if I buy any rum with it, I pay for it; and if I drink it, it is nobody's business." He continued to drink, and in less than a month he was brought to his death bed.

His distracted wife and agonised children gathered round the miserable husband and father. The fire which the demon intemperance had kindled in his bosom burned bright even in death. As he lay writhing and groaning on his bed, he yelled out in accents which made every soul thrill with horror that heard him, "Give me some rum!—give me some rum!" The friends were unwilling to administer the poison, which had so nearly murdered the dying man. The tender-hearted wife could not hear these requests and refuse to gratify them. She ran to a neighbour to procure it, but the agonised spirit again yelled, "I will burn this

house down if you do not give me some rum!" and immediately expired.

EXERCISE AND TEMPERANCE.

THERE is a story in the Arabian Nights' Tales, of a king who had long languished under an ill habit of body, and had taken many remedies to no purpose.

At length, says the fable, a physician cured him by the following method :

He took a hollow ball of wood, and filled it with several drugs ; after which he closed it so well that nothing appeared. He likewise took a mallet, or bat ; and having hollowed the handle, and that part which strikes the ball, he enclosed in them several drugs, after the same manner as in the ball itself.

He then ordered the Sultan, who was his patient, to exercise himself early in the morning with these instruments, so prepared, till such time as he should perspire. The story tells us, that the virtue of the medicines, perspiring through the wood, had so good an influence on the Sultan's health, that they cured him of a disorder which all the medicines he had taken inwardly had not been able to remove.

This Eastern tale is finely contrived to show us how beneficial bodily labour is to health, and that exercise is the best physic. Physic, for the most part, is nothing else but a substitute for exercise or temperance ; medicines are indeed necessary in acute diseases, which cannot wait the slow operations of these two great instruments of health ; but did men live in an habitual course of exercise and temperance, there would be but few occasions for them.

Accordingly we find, that those parts of the world are the most healthy where people subsist by the chase ; and that men lived longest when their lives were employed in hunting, and when they had little food besides what they caught.

Blistering and bleeding are seldom of use but to the idle and intemperate ; as all those inward applications, which are so much in practice among us, are for the most part nothing else but expedients to make luxury consistent with health. The apothecary is thus employed in countermining the cook and the vintner.

It is said of Diogenes, that, meeting a young man who was going to a feast, he took him up in the street and carried him home to his friends, as one who was running into imminent danger had he not prevented him. What would that philosopher have said, had he been present at the gluttony of a modern meal ?

Would he not have thought the master of the family mad, and have begged the servants to tie down his hands, had he seen him devour fowl, fish, and flesh ; swallow oil and vinegar, wines and spices ; throw down salads of twenty different sorts of herbs, sauces of a hundred ingredients, confections and fruits of numberless sweets and flavours ?

For my part, when I behold a table set out in all its magnificence, I fancy that I see gouts, dropsies, and fevers, with many other distempers, lying in ambuscade among the dishes.

Nature delights in the most plain and simple diet. Every animal but man keeps to one dish. Herbs are the food of this species, fish of that, and flesh of a third. But man falls upon everything that comes in his way ; scarce a berry or a mushroom can escape him.

It is impossible to lay down any exact rule for temperance, because what is luxury in one may be temperance in another. An eminent physician gives the following advice :—" Make your whole repast out of one dish, and seldom indulge in a second. At the same time abstain from sauces of any kind."

It is observed, by two or three ancient authors, that Socrates, although he lived in Athens during the great

plague, never caught the infection : and those writers ascribe it to the temperance which he always observed.

But the most remarkable instance of the efficacy of temperance towards the procuring of long life, is what we meet with in a little book, published by Lewis Cornaro the Venetian ; which I rather mention because it is of undoubted credit, as the late Venetian Ambassador, who was of the same family, attested more than once, in conversation, when he resided in England.

Cornaro, who was the author of the above little treatise, was of an infirm habit till about forty, when, by firmly persisting in an exact course of temperance, he recovered a perfect state of health ; so that at fourscore he published his book, which has been translated into English under the title of "Sure and Certain Methods of obtaining a Long and Healthy Life." He lived to give a third or fourth edition of it, and, after having passed his hundredth year, died, without pain or agony, and like one who falls asleep.

SPLCTATOR.

THE EVILS OF INTEMPERANCE.

DR. TROTTER says, "Intoxicating liquors in all their forms, and however disguised, are the most productive cause of disease, with which I am acquainted."

A young man sentenced to transportation, said, "It's all drink from one end to the other. Before I came here, I was earning forty shillings a week—was as happy as man could wish to be, and was secretary to a temperance society. But one evening I met an acquaintance, who persuaded me to have some ginger-beer ; rum was put in unknown to me, and I became intoxicated. I recovered from this. However, I was waylaid by two friends ; they persuaded me to drink with them, and I never stopped until I committed the offence for which I am now transported."

The Emperor Zeno daily drank himself into a state of insensibility. In one of those fits of inebriety, his consort Ariadne had him committed to the horrors of the tomb. Returning consciousness revealed the dreadful situation in which he had been placed by folly and imprudence. His lamentable cries and entreaties, however, were suffered to pass unheeded; and the sensual tyrant, detested alike by his wife and his subjects, was thus left to die a miserable death.

Attila, the cruel king of Hungary, at his marriage feast indulged so freely in intoxicating drinks, that he was found at night lying suffocated.

Seneca said of Alexander the Great, "Here is this hero, invincible by all the toils of prodigious marches, by all the dangers of sieges and combats, by the most violent extremes of heat and cold—here he lies, conquered by his intemperance, and struck to the earth by the fatal cup of Bacchus."

The following lines from Prior well describe the character and fate of the intemperate man:—

Unhappy man, whom sorrows thus and rage,
Two different ills, alternately engage.
Who drinks, alas! but to forget, nor sees
That melancholy, sloth, severe disease,
Memory confused, and interrupted thought,—
Death's harbingers—lie latent in the draught;
And in the flowers that wreath the sparkling bowl,
Fell adders hiss, and poisonous serpents roll."

Drunkenness infallibly brings loss of health, loss of comfort, loss of life, and finally loss of the soul. It reduces plenty to poverty, turns domestic peace to anarchy, and gives a miniature representation of the misery, revilings, accusations, and horrors that await the wicked in a future state. The drunkard is a walking pestilence, to be avoided with horror.

GENTLENESS IN LITTLE THINGS.

LITTLE acts of kindness, gentle words, and loving smiles strew the path of life with flowers; the sun seems to shine brighter for them, and the green earth to look greener, and our Father in heaven, who bids us love one another, looks with favour upon the gentle and kind-hearted.

To watch if any little service can be done to the mother or father, to help the brother, or to assist the sister, how pleasant it makes home!

A little boy has a hard lesson given him at school, and his teacher asks him if he thinks he can learn it. For a moment the little boy hangs down his head, but the next he looks brightly up; "I can get my elder brother to help me," he says. That is right, elder brother, help the younger; and you are binding a tie round his heart that may save him in many an hour of dark trial.

"I do not know how to do this sum, but my cousin will show me," says another little one.

"I cannot go home alone," says a timid and young child. A bigger lad, his neighbour, runs up to him, "Come along with me. I will take you to your door." The face of the former brightens with a smile.

Brothers! sisters! cousins! neighbours! love one another; bear with one another. If one offend, forgive, and love him still; and, whatever may be the faults of others, we must not forget that, in the sight of God, we have faults as great, and perhaps greater, than theirs.

Be kind to the little ones; they will often be fretful and wayward. Be patient with them, and amuse them. How often a whole family of little ones are restored to good humour by an elder member proposing some new play, and perhaps joining in it, or gathering them round him while he relates some pleasant story.

And, brothers, do not think, because you are stronger,

it is unmanly to be gentle to your little brothers and sisters, A truly noble heart is never joined with pride and rudeness. When I see a youth kind and respectful to his mother, and gentle and forbearing to his brothers and sisters, I think he is likely to grow up a 'useful man. And that this may be so, pray to God to give you His blessing that your heart may be right in His sight.

UNCLE TOBY AND THE FLY.

"My uncle Toby was a man patient of injuries— not from want of courage, where just occasions called it forth, nor from any insensibility or obtuseness of his intellectual parts, He was of a peaceful, placid nature ; no jarring element in it, all was mixed up so kindly. My uncle Toby had scarce a heart to retaliate upon a fly. 'Go,' says he one day at dinner to an overgrown one which had buzzed about his nose, and tormented him cruelly all dinner-time, and which, after many attempts, he had caught at last, as it flew by him ; 'I'll not hurt thee,' says my uncle Toby, rising from his chair, and going across the room with the fly in his hand ; 'I'll not flout a hair of thy head ! Go,' says he, lifting up the sash, and opening his hand as he spoke, to let it escape—'go, poor wretch ! get thee gone : why should I hurt thee ? This world is surely wide enough to hold thee and me.'"—Sterne's *Tristram Shandy*.

LLEWELLYN AND HIS DOG. — THE PUNISHMENT OF ANGER.

The spearmen heard the bugle sound,
And cheerily smil'd the morn ;
And many a brach and many a hound
Attend Llewellyn's horn.

And still he blew a louder blast,
 And gave a louder cheer,
 "Come, Gelert, why art thou the last
 Llewellyn's horn to hear?"

"Oh, where does faithful Gelert roam,
 The flower of all his race?
 So true, so brave, a lamb at home,
 A lion in the chase!"

That day Llewellyn little loved
 The chase of hart or hare;
 And scant and small the booty proved,
 For Gelert was not there

Unpleas'd Llewellyn homeward hied,
 When, near the portal seat,
 His truant Gelert he espied,
 Bounding his lord to greet,

But when he gained the castle door,
 Aghast the chieftain stood;
 The hound was smear'd with gouts of gore,
 His lips and fangs ran blood!

Llewellyn gazed with wild surprise,
 Unused such look to meet;
 His favourite check'd his joyful guise,
 And crouch'd and lick'd his feet.

Onward in haste Llewellyn passed;
 (And on went Geleft too),
 And still where'er his eyes were cast,
 Fresh blood-gouts shocked his view!

Overturnd his infant's bed he found,
 The blood-stain'd cover rent,
 And all around the walls and ground
 With recent blood besprent.

He call'd his child—no voice replied ;
 He searched with terror wild ;
 Blood ! blood ! he found on ev'ry side,
 But nowhere found the child !
 " Hell hound ! by thee my child's devour'd,"
 The frantic father cried ;
 And to the hilt his vengeful sword
 He plunged in Gelert's side,
 His suppliant, as to earth he fell,
 No pity could impart ;
 But still his Gelert's dying yell
 Passed heavy o'er his heart.
 Aroused by Gelert's dying yell,
 Some slumberer waken'd nigh,
 What words the parent's joy can tell—
 To hear his infant cry !
 Conceal'd beneath a mangled heap,
 His hurried search had miss'd,
 All glowing from his rosy sleep,
 His cherub boy he kissed !
 Nor scratch had he, nor harm, nor dread,
 But the same couch beneath
 Lay a great wolf, all torn and dead,
 Tremendous still in death !
 Ah, what was then Llewellyn's pain !
 For now the truth was clear :
 The gallant hound the wolf had slain,
 To save Llewellyn's heir.
 Vain, vain was all Llewellyn's woe ;
 " Best of thy kind, adieu !
 The frantic deed which laid thee low
 This heart shall ever rue."

And now a gallant tomb they raise,
 With costly sculpture deck'd ;
 And marble storied with his praise,
 Doth Gelert's bones protect.

Here never could the spearman pass,
 Or forester unmoved ;
 Here oft the tear-besprinkled grass
 Llewellyn's sorrow proved.

And here he hung his horn and spear ;
 And oft as evening fell,
 In fancy's piercing sounds would hear
 Poor Gelert's dying yell.

SPENCER.

THE BULLIES.

As young Francis was walking through a village with his tutor, they were annoyed by two or three cur dogs, that came running after them with looks of the utmost fury, snarling and barking as if they would tear their throats, and seeming every moment ready to fly upon them. Francis every now and then stopped and shook his stick at them, or stooped down to pick up a stone ; upon which the curs retreated as fast as they came ; but as soon as he turned about, they were after his heels again. This lasted till they came to a farmyard through which their road lay. A large mastiff was lying down in it at his ease in the sun. Francis was almost afraid to pass him, and kept as close to his tutor as possible. However, the dog took not the least notice of them.

Presently they came upon a common, where, going near a flock of geese, they were assailed with hissings, and pursued some way by these foolish birds, which, stretching out their long necks, made a very ridiculous figure. Francis only

laughed at them, though he was tempted to give the foremost a switch across his neck. A little farther was a herd of cows with a bull among them, upon which Francis looked with some degree of apprehension ; but they kept quietly grazing, and did not take their heads from the ground as he passed.

"It is a lucky thing," said Francis to his tutor, "that mistiffs and bulls are not so quarrelsome as curs and geese, but what can be the reason of it?"

"The reason is," replied his tutor, "that paltry and contemptible animals, possessing no confidence in their own strength and courage, and knowing themselves liable to injury from most of those that come in their way, think it safest to act the part of bullies, and to make a show of attacking those of whom in reality they are afraid ; whereas animals which are conscious of force sufficient for their own protection, suspecting no evil designs from others, entertain none themselves, but maintain a dignified composure. Thus you will find it among mankind. Weak, mean, petty characters are suspicious, snarling, and petulant. They raise an outcry against their superiors in talent and reputation, of whom they stand in awe, and put on airs of defiance and insolence through mere cowardice. But the truly great are calm and inoffensive. They fear no injury and offer none. They even suffer slight attacks to go unnoticed, conscious of their power to right themselves whenever the occasion shall seem to require it."—*Evenings at Home*.

PATIENCE TAUGHT BY A SICK ELEPHANT.

AN elephant at Calcutta had a disease in his eyes. For three days he was completely blind. His owner, an Engineer officer, asked Dr. Webb if he could do anything to relieve the poor animal. The doctor said he would try the nitrate of silver, which was a remedy commonly applied to similar

diseases in the human eye. The large animal was ordered to lie down, and at first, on the application of the remedy, it used a most extraordinary roar at the acute pain which it occasioned. The effect, however, was wonderful, the eye was in a manner restored, and the animal could partially see. The next day, when he was brought and heard the doctor's voice, he laid down of himself, placed his enormous head on one side, curled up his trunk, drew in his breath just like a man about to endure an operation, gave a sigh of relief when it was over, and then, by trunk and gesture, evidently wished to express his gratitude. What sagacity! what a lesson to us of patience!—BISHOP WILSON.

PATIENCE.

(Translated from the Tamil.)

As earth its diggers, they who bear
The scornful, show a virtue rare.
There's greatness in enduring ill:
Forgetting it is greater still.
As poorest they who beggars shun,
Who suffer fools—so strong are none.
Who patience practises with pains,
Unaltered excellence retains.
In no esteem the hasty hold:
The patient prize as hidden gold:
A day, and passion's joy is pass'd:
Patience is praised while earth shall last.
From hurting cruel foes refrain:
'T were pity to increase their pain.

(Translated from the Kural of Tiru Valluvar, by ROBINSON.)

MAGNANIMOUS FORGIVENESS OF INJURIES.

At the period when the Republic of Genoa was divided between the factions of the nobles and the people, Uberto, a man of low origin, but of an elevated mind and superior talents, and enriched by commerce, having raised himself to be head of the popular party, maintained for a considerable time a democratical form of government.

The nobles at length uniting all their efforts, succeeded in subverting this state of things, and regained their former supremacy. They used their victory with considerable rigour; and, in particular, having imprisoned Uberto, proceeded against him as a traitor, and thought they displayed sufficient lenity in passing a sentence upon him of perpetual banishment and the confiscation of all his property. Adorno, who was then possessed of the first magistracy, a man haughty in temper and proud of ancient nobility, though otherwise not void of generous sentiments, in pronouncing this sentence on Uberto, aggravated its severity by the insolent terms in which he conveyed it.

"You," said he, "you, the son of a base mechanic, who have dared to trample upon the nobles of Genoa—you, by their clemency, are only doomed to shrink again into the nothing whence you sprang."

Uberto received his condemnation with respectful submission to the court; yet, stung by the manner in which it was expressed, he could not forbear saying to Adorno, "that perhaps he might hereafter find cause to repent the language he had used to a man capable of sentiments as elevated as his own."

He then made his obeisance and retired; and, after taking leave of his friends, embarked in a vessel bound for Naples, and quitted his native country without a tear.

He collected some debts due to him in the Neapolitan dominions, and with the wreck of his fortune went to settle

on one of the islands in the Archipelago, belonging to the state of Venice. Here his industry and capacity in mercantile pursuits raised him in a course of years to greater wealth than he had possessed in his most prosperous days at Genoa, and his reputation for honour and generosity equalled his fortune.

Among other places which he frequently visited as a merchant was the city of Tunis, at that time in friendship with the Venetians, though hostile to most of the other Italian states, and especially to Genoa. As Uberto was on a visit to one of the first men of that place at his country house, he saw a young Christian slave at work in irons, whose appearance excited his attention. The youth seemed oppressed with labour, to which his delicate frame had not been accustomed, and while he leaned at intervals upon the instrument with which he was working, a sigh burst from his full heart, and a tear stole down his cheek. Uberto eyed him with tender compassion, and addressed him in Italian. The youth eagerly caught the sounds of his native tongue, and replying to his inquiries, informed him that he was a Genoese.

"And what is your name, young man?" said Uberto. "You need not be afraid of confessing to me your birth and condition."

"Alas!" he answered, "I fear my captors already suspect enough to demand a large ransom. My father is, indeed, one of the first men in Genoa. His name is Adorno, and I am his only son."

"Adorno!" Uberto checked himself from uttering more aloud, but to himself he cried, "Thank Heaven! then I shall be nobly revenged."

He took leave of the youth, and immediately went to inquire after the corsair captain who claimed a right in young Adorno, and having found him, demanded the price of his ransom. He learned that he was considered as a

capture of value, and that less than two thousand crowns would not be accepted. Uberto paid the sum; and causing his servant to follow him with a horse and a complete suit of handsome apparel, he returned to the youth, who was working as before, and told him he was free. With his own hands he took off his fetters, and helped him to change his dress and mount on horseback. The youth was tempted to think it all a dream, and the flutter of emotion almost deprived him of the power of returning thanks to his generous benefactor. He was soon, however, convinced of the reality of his good fortune, by sharing the lodging and table of Uberto.

After a stay of some days at Tunis to despatch the remainder of his business, Uberto departed homewards, accompanied by young Adorno, who by his pleasing manners had highly ingratiated himself with him. Uberto kept him some time at his house, treating him with all the respect and affection he could have shown for the son of his dearest friend. At length, having a safe opportunity of sending him to Genoa, he gave him a faithful servant for a conductor, fitted him out with every convenience, slipped a purse of gold into one hand, and a letter into the other, and thus addressed him:---

"My dear youth, I could with much pleasure detain you longer in my humble mansion, but I feel your impatience to revisit your friends, and I am sensible that it would be cruelty to deprive them longer than necessary of the joy they will receive in recovering you. Deign to accept this provision for your voyage, and deliver this letter to your father. He probably may recollect somewhat of me, though you are too young to do so. Farewell! I shall not soon forget you, and I will hope you will not forget me."

Adorno poured out the effusions of a grateful and affectionate heart, and they parted with mutual tears and embraces.

The young man had a prosperous voyage home, and the transport with which he was again beheld by his already heart-broken parents may more easily be conceived than described. After learning that he had been a captive in Tunis (for it was supposed that the ship in which he sailed had foundered at sea),

“And to whom,” said old Adorno, “am I indebted for the estimable benefit of restoring you to my arms?”

“This letter,” said his son, “will inform you.”

He opened it and read as follows :—

“That son of a vile mechanic, who told you that one day you might repent the scorn with which you treated him, has the satisfaction of seeing his prediction accomplished. For know, proud noble ! that the deliverer of your only son from slavery is
THE BANISHED UBERTO.”

Adorno dropped the letter, and covered his face with his hand, while his son was displaying in the warmest language of gratitude the virtues of Uberto, and the truly paternal kindness he had experienced from him. As the debt could not be cancelled, Adorno resolved if possible to repay it. He made such powerful intercession with the other nobles, that the sentence pronounced on Uberto was reversed, and full permission given him to return to Genoa. In apprising him of this event, Adorno expressed his sense of the obligation he lay under to him, acknowledged the genuine nobleness of his character, and requested his friendship. Uberto returned to his country, and closed his days in peace, with the universal esteem of his fellow-citizens.—*From Evenings at Home.*

HOW TO KILL AN ENEMY — A LESSON IN
MAGNANIMITY.

"CHILDREN," said a kind father to his little family, as he took a seat by the fire-side, and gathered them round him for a pleasant talk, "Which is the best way to kill an enemy?"

"Why, shoot him, to be sure," said one. "No, stab him," said a second. "No, starve him," said a third.

"But I think," said their father, "I can show you a better way than this. An enemy may be killed without taking from him his life, or shedding a single drop of his blood. Let me tell you a story, to show how it may be done.

"There was a farmer once, who was very cross, surly, and a very disagreeable man; and every one who knew him disliked him. He was sure to make the most of whatever went wrong about him; and the poor offender always met with severe punishment. There was not a boy in all the neighbourhood who did not feel uncomfortable as he passed his gate; and the poor dog that barked at his geese, or the neighbour's rooster that crowed on his wall, was speedily visited either with the lash of his whip, or the shot from his gun. The very cat knew his footsteps, and slunk away from him in terror. He was a complete pest, as much so to himself as to those about him. Every day brought him some fresh trouble, and found him in continual 'hot water'; indeed, his very life was made up of broils.

"After a time, good Farmer Green came to live near him; and, as you may suppose, he was soon told the character of his not over-pleasant neighbour. 'Well,' says he, 'if he shows off on me, *I'll very soon kill him.*'

"This remark of Farmer Green's soon got afloat, and all sorts of things were said about it. He seemed the very last man to 'kill' any one, for his looks, and words, and actions, all told of a loving heart, which throbbed in his

bosom, and directed his life. Nobody could think for a moment of his becoming a murderer. Mr. Green's intention at length came to the ears of the ill-natured farmer, and you may be sure he was not at all pleased about it. Everything he could do to tease, annoy, and even injure Mr. Green, was done; but, somehow or other, the man who was to 'kill' this ugly tempered farmer, took it all in good part, and spoke as calmly, and looked as kindly as ever.

"One day Mr. Green sent to the wife of our surly friend a basket of nice plums, but her husband wouldn't let her have them. He told the person who brought them, very gruffly, that it was only done to get some of his pears in return, and he was not going to give any of them away.

"At another time Mr. Green's team of oxen stuck fast in a bog, and when he asked his neighbour for a little help, he told him, in a very rough way, that he had enough to do to mind his own business, and refused to help him.

"*'Never mind,'* said Green to some one standing by, *'I'll kill him very soon, see if I don't'*

"Soon after this, the team of the ill-natured man was in the same plight that his neighbour's had been in. Mr. Green saw it. He ran for his oxen and chains, and set off to the bog. He spoke kindly, offered his help, and began to render it; but what did he receive in reply? Why, a fierce look and an angry word.—*'I don't want your help! take your oxen away'*

"*'No,'* said the other, *'I must help you, for the night is coming on, and what is bad enough by day is ten times worse in the dark.'* Away pulled the oxen and the men, and soon all was set right again.

"A strange feeling did he feel that evening—something which he had never felt before. And a strange look did his wife give him as he said, *'Peg, Farmer Green has killed me!'* He said he would, and he has done it.

"Yes, the 'enemy' was 'killed,' without the loss of a

single life, or shedding one drop of blood. He went in the morning to confess his ingratitude to his kind neighbour, and to ask his forgiveness, and the very man who had been noted for nothing but his wickedness, became the friend of all."

There is the greatest difference in the world between conquering by power, and conquering by kindness. The former is like building a dam across a stream of water. It may stop its flow for a little while, but presently the dam will give way, and then the stream will rush on with more force and fury than ever. Conquering by kindness is like drying up the springs which feed the stream. Conquering by power is like chaining a lion; conquering by kindness keeps the lion from doing harm, by changing his nature, and turning him into a lamb.

A NOBLE ACT OF MAGNANIMITY.

THERE lived a certain man who had reached a great age, and who had amassed much wealth. Not expecting to live much longer, he divided the bulk of his property among his three sons. But he set aside a jewel of great value, which he determined on giving to that one of his sons who should perform the most noble act within three months.

"Father," said the eldest, one day, "a person entrusted me with a sum of money: he was quite a stranger to me, and he had no acknowledgment in writing, so that I might easily have kept it. But when he came for it, I gave him back the whole, refusing his offers of remuneration." The father replied, "Your act was one of justice!"

The second son approached his father, and said: "I was walking along the edge of a lake when a child fell in; and, at the risk of my life, I plunged in, and brought it safely to its distressed mother on the shore. Was not that a noble

act, father?" "No, my son; it was but the instinct of human kindness."

The youngest son then said: "One dark night I found my mortal enemy asleep on the edge of a precipice, without his being aware of it. The slightest movement on waking would have plunged him down the fearful abyss. I took care to rouse him with proper caution, and then directed him to a place of safety." "My dearest son," said the father, embracing him, "the jewel is thy due."

ANON.

WHO WHEN HE WAS REVEILED, REVEILED NOT
AGAIN.

(Translated from the Sanskrit.)

REVEILING meet with patience; ne'er
To men malignant malice bear.
Harsh tones and wrathful language greet
With gentle speech and accents sweet;
When struck, return not thou the blow.

(From the *Mahābhārata*, translated by DR. JOHN MUIR, C.I.E.)

IF THINE ENEMY HUNGER, FEED HIM.

(Translated from the Sanskrit.)

THAT foe repel not with a frown
Who claims thy hospitable aid;
A tree refuses not its shade
To him who comes to hew it down.

(From the *Mahābhārata*, translated by DR. JOHN MUIR, C.I.E.)

MAGNANIMOUS FORGIVENESS.

(Translated from the Sanskrit.)

"A HERO hates not e'en the foe,
 Whose deadly bow is 'gainst him bent ;
 The Sandal tree, with fragrant scent
 Imbues the axe which lays it low.

(From the *Subhashitar nava*, translated by DR. JOHN MUIR, C.I.E.)

MERCY TWICE BLESSED.

THE quality of mercy is not strain'd—
 It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
 Upon the place beneath : it is twice bless'd—
 It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes ;
 'Tis mightiest in the mightiest ; it becomes
 The throned monarch better than his crown ;
 His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,
 The attribute to awe and majesty,
 Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings ;
 But mercy is above this sceptred sway—
 It is enthroned in the hearts of kings,
 It is an attribute to God Himself ;
 And earthly power doth then show likest God's
 When mercy seasons justice. Think of this,
 That in the course of justice, none of us
 Should see salvation. We do pray for mercy ;
 And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
 The deeds of mercy.

Shakspeare.

PRINCELY MERCY.

(Translated from the Sanskrit.)

WHEN men from want of knowledge sin,
 A prince to such should mercy show ;
 For skill the right and wrong to know,
 For simple men is hard to win. *

(From the Mahābhārata ; translated by DR. JOHN MUIR, C.I.I.)

GOOD MANNERS.

GOOD-BREEDING has been justly defined to be the result of much good sense, some good nature, and a little self-denial. Taking this for granted, it is astonishing to me, that any one who has good sense and good nature, can essentially fail in good-breeding.

Good manners are, to particular societies, what good morals are to society in general—their cement and their security. The immoral man, who invades another's property, is justly punished for it ; and the ill bred man, who by his ill-manners invades and disturbs the quiet and comforts of private life, is by common consent as justly banished society. For my own part, I really think, next to the consciousness of doing a good action, that of doing a civil one is the most pleasing ; and the epithet which I should covet the most, next to that of Aristides, would be that of well-bred. *

Very few, scarcely any, are wanting in the respect which they should show to those whom they acknowledge to be infinitely their superiors : such as crowned heads, princes, and public persons of distinguished and eminent posts. It is the manner of showing this respect which is different. The man of fashion, and of the world, expresses it in its

fullest extent ; but naturally, easily, and without concern ; whereas, a man who is not used to keep good company, expresses it awkwardly ; we see that he is not used to it, and that it costs him a great deal : but I never saw the worst-bred man living guilty of lolling, whistling, and such indecencies, in companies that he respected.

In mixed companies, whoever is admitted to make part of them, is, for the time at least, supposed to be upon a footing of equality with the rest ; and consequently, as there is no one principal object of awe and respect, people are apt to take a greater latitude in their behaviour, and to be less upon their guard ; and so they may, provided it be within certain bounds, which are upon no occasion to be transgressed. But upon these occasions, though no one is entitled to distinguished marks of respect, every one claims, and very justly, every mark of civility and good-breeding. Ease is allowed, but carelessness and negligence are strictly forbidden. If a man accost you, and talk to you ever so dully or frivolously, it is worse than rudeness, it is brutality, to show him, by a manifest inattention to what he says, that you think him a fool or a blockhead, and not worth hearing.

Neither must you ever usurp to yourself those conveniences and gratifications which are of common right ; such as the best places, the best dishes, &c. ; but, on the contrary, always decline them yourself, and offer them to others ; who, in their turns, will offer them to you ; so that, upon the whole, you will in your turn enjoy your share of the common right.

There is a third sort of good-breeding, in which people are the most apt to fail from a very mistaken notion that they cannot fail at all. I mean with regard to our most familiar friends and acquaintances, or those who really are our inferiors ; and there, undoubtedly, a greater degree of ease is not only allowed, but proper, and contributes much to the comforts of a private social life.

But ease and freedom have their bounds, which must by no means be violated. A certain degree of negligence and carelessness becomes injurious and insulting, from the real or supposed inferiority of the persons ; and that delightful liberty of conversation among a few friends is soon destroyed, as liberty often has been, by being carried to licentiousness. The most familiar and intimate habitudes, connections, and friendships, require a degree of good-breeding, both to preserve and cement them. The best of us have our bad sides, and it is as imprudent as it is ill-bred to exhibit them.

Chesterfield.

WANT OF SELF-KNOWLEDGE.

(Translated from the Sanskrit.)

UNTIL the ugly man has scanned
 His form, as in a mirror shown,
 He deems, in fond conceit, his own
 The fairest face in all the land.
 But when the faithful glass reveals
 How every grace and charm it wants,
 At once are silenced all his vaunts—
 The galling truth he sadly feels.

Translated from the Mahābhārata, by Dr. JOHN MUIR, C I I

PRESENCE OF MIND.

“WHAT is presence of mind, mamma?”

“A very valuable thing, Lucy; why do you ask me?”

“Because at school to-day our teacher was speaking about the way poor widow Grant’s boy had been burned; and she said if the mother had been possessed of pre-

sence of mind, it would not have happened. What did she mean?"

"I suppose that if Mrs. Grant, instead of crying and running for help, had snatched a blanket from the bed, or the hearth-rug, and rolled the child in it, the flames would have been soon put out."

"Is that presence of mind, mamma? Is it in a blanket?"

"Oh, Lucy!" said an older boy; "how can you be so foolish! it is a thing in the *mind*."

"To have seized the blanket," said their mother, "would have been a proof or example of this quality; the meaning of presence of mind is, to be calm and quiet in all times of danger and perplexity, and to recollect and do at once the right thing to be done. That may be very different at different times. A friend of mine was once saved from a terrible railway accident, by her companion in the carriage, a strong man, breaking the door and dragging her through it. He saw at once this was the best way of escape when another train was coming upon them, and so exerted his strength in that direction. Another lady was preserved when the horse ran off with the carriage in which she was driving, by a gentleman holding her fast and not allowing her to jump out."

"Why did he hold her, mamma?"

"Because he had presence of mind to know that if she sprang out when they were going at full speed, she would be greatly hurt, if not killed, and that their most likely hope of safety was to sit still."

"Tell us another story, mamma." Mrs. ——— thought for a few minutes. "I am sure there are plenty of true stories to be told on this subject. Well, here is one which I heard lately:

"Sir James Thornhill, a famous painter, was employed many years ago to ornament the roof of one of our great

churches—I think St. Paul's, in London. A very high scaffold was made for him, such as you see the masons use in building, only I hope poor Sir James had a more safe and easy ladder to go up and down by than our masons generally have. He did his work beautifully, and at last it was almost finished, and he was delighted with his own success. As the painting was to be seen from a distance, one day he walked backwards to judge of the effect, and became so pleased as every step made it look more beautiful, that he entirely forgot where he was. One of his assistants, looking, saw that he was in a frightful situation. He had got to the very edge of the scaffold, and the next step backwards would plunge him over. The man shuddered, expecting every moment to see his master dashed to pieces. What do you think he did?"

"I suppose he screamed to Sir James to take care."

"I am afraid that is what you or I would have done, Charles; and it would only have made the poor artist start, and hasten his destruction. No; his friend had more true *presence of mind*. He seized a large brush full of paint that lay near, and dashed it across the drawing, spoiling in a moment the labour of days."

"O manima, how cruel! No, I see! I see! Sir James would *run forward* then."

"Just so: he sprang forwards at once, full of astonishment and anger, thinking that the man had gone out of his senses. But when, in a few moments, his friends showed him where he had been standing, you may believe how his feelings changed, and he returned thanks to God, as well as to him who had been the instrument of saving his life."

"That is a very pretty story!"

"Yes; and I think we may learn a good lesson from it. What seems a sad disappointment and trial to us at one time, like the spoiling of Sir James's painting, we may see

afterwards has saved us from something far worse. Our Father in heaven deals with His children on earth in this way. We must never allow ourselves to think that anything is wrong or *unkind* which He appoints for us. We must take it patiently, and try and pray to get good from it, and we shall often see afterwards why it was sent. I hope you and Lucy will understand this better in a few years. Will you try to remember it now?"

"Yes, mamma. How can we get *presence of mind*? Does it come by nature?"

"Some people are more cool and collected naturally than others; but everyone may do much to teach himself how to act sensibly and usefully in difficult circumstances, by the help of God. And you cannot begin this too soon."





CHAPTER IV

SELF-HELP.

SELF-RESPECT AND SELF-RELIANCE; COURAGE AND RESOLUTION; INDUSTRY AND PERSEVERANCE; CONTINEMENT AND CHEERFULNESS; PUNCTUALITY, ORDER, AND METHOD; CARE OF HEALTH, AND CLEANLINESS; THE USEFULNESS AND DIGNITY OF PHYSICAL LABOUR.

SELF-RESPECT AND SELF-RELIANCE.—In the last chapter I showed that Modesty or Humility is an important virtue, that is one of the fruits of Self-control; for Self-control enables the good man to conquer inordinate pride and self-conceit, and teaches him to think more readily of the good qualities of others than of his own. But our conscience warns us (and experience confirms this warning) that it is necessary and right for us to rely on our own exertions, to enable us both to do our duty, and to succeed in attaining the legitimate objects of our just aspiration. And that which leads us to self-reliance is Self-respect. "Self-respect," says Smiles, "is the noblest garment with which a man may clothe himself—the most elevating feeling with which the mind can be inspired. One of Pythagoras's wisest maxims, in his 'Golden Verses,' is that with which he enjoins the pupil to "reverence himself." Borne up by this high idea, he will not defile his body by sensuality, nor

his mind by servile thoughts. This sentiment, carried into daily life, will be found at the root of all the virtues—cleanliness, sobriety, chastity, morality, and religion. “The pious and just honouring of ourselves,” said Milton, “may be thought the radical moisture and fountain-head from whence every laudable and worthy enterprise issues forth.” To think meanly of one’s self, is to sink in one’s own estimation as well as in the estimation of others. And as the thoughts are, so will the acts be. Man cannot aspire if he look down; if he will rise, he must look up. The very humblest may be sustained by the proper indulgence of this feeling. Poverty itself may be lifted and lighted up by self-respect; and it is truly a noble sight to see a poor man hold himself upright amidst his temptations, and refuse to demean himself by low actions.”

Every one should feel that he is in duty bound, not only to control and suppress the evil that is in him, but also to foster the good elements in his nature, and improve the talents given him by God. The virtue of self-respect differs from the vice of self-conceit in this, that the former teaches us to value ourselves at our true worth, whilst the latter puts an exaggerated estimate on our own merits. In practice, however, it is very difficult to distinguish self-respect from self-conceit by this criterion; for it is very difficult for us to value ourselves aright, and “see ourselves as others see us.” Hence, it is well for us to allow Modesty and Humility largely to influence our estimate. But there is another feature by which we can recognise Self-respect; it never induces us to value ourselves highly at the expense of our neighbours, or to contrast our merits with their imperfections.

True modesty, then, is quite compatible with a grateful sense of the powers given us by God. Dr. Johnson always attributed his success in life to his confidence in his own powers. And Smiles, in his admirable work on Self-help, says:—

"Each individual feels that he is not as a mere straw thrown upon the water to mark the direction of the current, but that he has within him the power of a strong swimmer, and is capable of striking out for himself, of buffeting with the waves, and directing to a great extent his own independent course."

COURAGE AND RESOLUTION.—As Self-reliance—especially when inspired by the sense of God's goodness to us—moves us to attempt great and good enterprises by the aid of the bodily and mental powers given us; so Courage enables us to face all difficulties, and Resolution makes us determined to succeed, if success be possible.

"Difficulty," said Burke, "is a severe instructor, set over us by the Supreme ordinance of a parental Guardian and Instructor, who knows us better than we know ourselves, as He loves us better too. He that wrestles with us strengthens our nerves, and sharpens our skill; our antagonist is thus our helper." The anecdotes of Suwarrow, and Napoleon, told on page 113, show how much may be achieved by courage and resolution.

INDUSTRY AND PERSEVERANCE.—When self-reliance and courage and resolution are applied to our work in the world, they produce in us Industry and Perseverance. Our work may be the study of the student; or the service that is rendered by one employed by another; or the business or profession of the commercial or professional man; or the management of estates, of the land-owner; or the proper and benevolent use of wealth, by the rich man; or the care of the public good, by the statesman or ruler; in fact, whatever work we may have to perform, according to the position in which it has pleased God to place us. In the

Bible it is written, "Whatever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might;" and every religion teaches us the duty of industry.

Industry and perseverance, when united with that frugality or thrift which is produced by self-control, are the surest elements in what is commonly called "success in life"—in the acquisition of wealth and position. Now, the love of money or rank for its own sake is both base and foolish; for it makes us both selfish and unhappy, and avarice is never contented. But it is not only right, it is praiseworthy, for us to endeavour to acquire money and position for the sake of the good use that we can make of them; and also for the sake of our own independence, and as a provision for those dependent on us, and for our own old age.

Whatever is worth doing at all, is worth doing well. Chatterton said that God had sent His creatures into the world with arms long enough to reach anything if they chose to be at the trouble; energy, therefore, and power of taking trouble, are important elements of industry. And since thoroughness and accuracy are required in our work, whatever it may be; therefore the power of concentrating the mind on "the thing in hand" is a very valuable faculty. An English lawyer, who became Lord Chancellor under the title of Lord St. Leonard's, thus explained the success with which he had applied himself to the study of law:—"I resolved, when beginning to read law, to make everything I acquired perfectly my own, and never to go to a second thing till I had entirely accomplished the first. Many of my competitors read as much in a day as I read in a week. But at the end of twelve months, my knowledge was as fresh as the day it was acquired, while theirs had glided away from recollection."

Perseverance will prevent our industry from being checked by difficulties, or by weariness, or by love of change. I did

Lyndhurst said, "A difficulty is a thing to be overcome." Mr. Smiles writes :—"When Sir Humphry Davy was once shown a dexterously-manipulated experiment, he said, 'I thank God I was not made a dexterous manipulator, for the most important of my discoveries have been suggested to me by failures.' Another distinguished investigator in physical science has left it on record that, whenever in the course of his researches he encountered an apparently insuperable obstacle, he generally found himself on the brink of some discovery. The very greatest things—great thoughts, discoveries, inventions—have usually been nurtured in hardship, often pondered over in sorrow, and at length established with difficulty."

CONTENTMENT AND CHEERFULNESS.—For patient, persevering work, a cheerful and contented mind is an essential. Without cheerfulness, therefore, industry can hardly exist. Moreover, the contented man diffuses happiness around him, whilst happiness reigns in his own heart. And though this admirable quality of cheerfulness to some extent depends on the physical constitution and the health, yet it is very certain that it is capable of being trained and cultivated. "We may make the best of life," says Smiles, "or we may make the worst of it; and it depends very much upon ourselves whether we extract joy or misery from it. There are always two sides of life on which we can look, according as we choose—the bright side of the gloomy. We can bring the power of the will to bear in making the choice, and thus cultivate the habit of being happy or the reverse. We can encourage the disposition of looking at the brightest side of things, instead of the darkest. And while we see the cloud, let us not shut our eyes to the silver lining." In *Chāṇakya* we read, "We may learn valuable

qualities even from the dog: Contentment with little, sound sleep, watchful vigilance, gratitude, and fortitude." The Telugu proverb has it, "If you are content with a girdle, no poverty will distress you." The Arabs say, "Contentment supports the soul as food supports the body." There is a Persian proverb, "Live contented, you will be a king"; and a Tamil proverb, "A contented mind makes gold."

True contentment does not include the endurance of evils that exertion or industry on our part can remove; nor does it forbid us from striving to improve ourselves and our condition in every possible way. But it teaches us not to repine about evils that we cannot possibly remedy; and, on the other hand, to be thankful to God for the many blessings we enjoy. In this way, contentment is the practical way of showing our gratitude to God. "In all cases" says Jeremy Bentham, "when the power of the will can be exercised over the thoughts, let those thoughts be directed towards happiness." Look out for the bright, for the brightest side of things, and keep your face constantly turned to it. . . . A large part of existence is necessarily passed in inaction. By day (to take an instance from the thousand in constant recurrence) when in attendance on others, and time is lost by being kept waiting; by night, when sleep is unwilling to close the eyelids, the economy of happiness recommends the occupation of pleasurable thought. In walking abroad, or in resting at home, the mind cannot be vacant: its thoughts may be useful, useless, or pernicious to happiness. Direct them aright; the habit of happy thought will spring up like any other habit."

PUNCTUALITY, ORDER, AND METHOD.—Industry may be made much more efficient, and time may be greatly economised, if we carefully arrange our work, so as to do the right thing at the right time and in the right way. It is therefore our

duty to endeavour to be punctual in our habits, not wasting our own time or the time of others; and to be orderly and methodical in our business. Colefidge says, "If the idle are described as killing time, the methodical man may be justly said to call it into life and moral being, while he makes it the distinct object not only of the consciousness, but of the conscience. He organizes the hours and gives them a soul; and to that, the very essence of which is to fleet and to have been, he communicates an imperishable and spiritual nature. Of the good and faithful servant, whose energies thus directed are thus methodized, it is less truly affirmed that he lives in time than that time lives in him. His days and months and years, as the stops and punctual marks of the record of duties performed, will survive the wreck of worlds, and remain extant when time itself shall be no more."

THE CARE OF HEALTH, AND CLEANLINESS.—I pointed out just now that cheerfulness of mind depends to some extent on the physical condition of the body. The efficient and vigorous performance of all our more active duties is much easier and more pleasant if we are in a sound state of health; and though sickness, when it comes, should give us the opportunity of displaying the virtues of fortitude and patience, yet it is clearly our duty to do our best to preserve our bodies in healthy condition.

Two of the most important conditions of health, are temperance and cleanliness; and these qualities are valuable for other reasons also—for intemperance and filth are disgusting to others, and degrading to ourselves. "Cleanliness is next to godliness" is an English proverb; and an old oriental proverb was to the same effect—"Cleanliness of body and purity of mind, these two are one." And the external cleanliness that is essential to health, is not by any means

confined to the cleanliness of the surface of the body, produced by frequent ablutions, though it is the first and perhaps most essential form of cleanliness. Cleanliness in the clothing is also important; clothing requires to be not only frequently washed, but also thoroughly ventilated, by being hung in the air whenever taken off. Cleanliness in the house and its surroundings is also a duty, both to ourselves and to our neighbours. For perfect cleanliness within the house, as much light as possible, and also much ventilation, are required; whilst, for cleanliness around the house, by far the most important point is the prompt removal of all foul or decaying substances, and especially of liquid filth of all kinds. Typhoid fever, cholera, and a great many of the most fatal diseases, are caused by the neglect of the duty of cleanliness in its various forms. In connexion with the duty of endeavouring to preserve our health, there are, however, other things to be remembered, besides the need of cleanliness and of temperance in our food and drink.

For health, we require plenty of fresh, pure air. The mere act of breathing vitiates the air in a room; consequently if we live or sleep in small, close rooms, or if many persons remain for a long time in a closed room, whence the foul air cannot escape, the air becomes actually poisonous. In the famous story of the massacre of the Black Hole, many of the English prisoners of the Nawab Siraj-ud-daulah were actually killed in one night by the lack of fresh air. Heated air rises; and since the air that is breathed out from our lungs is warm, it is well to have holes for ventilation placed near the top of a room.

Light and warmth are also requisites of health. It is well to avoid (as much as possible) sleeping in damp places, or remaining long in damp clothes, or in a current of cold air.

I have said that food and drink should be taken in moderate quantities, and without too much regard for their

being pleasing to the taste. But it is also requisite that they should be pure and of a kind easily digested. In tropical countries, nothing is more productive of terrible diseases (such as cholera, &c.) than the use of impure water for drinking or cooking purposes. A filter that is very effectual for purifying any water that is not very foul, is easily made with a little sand and charcoal. Unripe fruits, and uncooked or improperly cooked food, are also most injurious to health.

Lastly we require, for perfect health, a proper amount of exercise, and no more; and a proper amount of rest, and no more. The most complete rest is obtained in healthful sleep, and every person needs a certain quantity of sleep each day—say from six to nine hours out of the twenty-four; but more sleep than this is apt to bring on disease, and too much sleep is as injurious as too little. Similarly, we require a certain amount of exercise—such as riding or walking in the open air, or any kind of athletic exercise—every day. That kind of exercise is best, that has a definite purpose, and produces a good result; and this leads us to the consideration of the many advantages that are to be obtained from well-directed physical labour—which therefore ought not to be thought undignified. Mr. Gladstone, the Prime Minister of England, is famous for his power as a wood-cutter. But this subject is so important, that I will illustrate it in another section by some quotations from Mr. Smiles's book on Self-help.

THE USEFULNESS AND DIGNITY OF PHYSICAL LABOUR.

MR. SMILES says:—"Work educates the body, as study educates the mind; and that is the best state of society, in which there is some work for every man's leisure, and some leisure for every man's work. Even the leisure classes are in a measure compelled to work, sometimes as a relief from

ennui, but in most cases to gratify an instinct which they cannot resist. Some go foxhunting in the English counties, others grouse-shooting on the Scotch hills, while many wander away every summer to climb mountains in Switzerland. Hence the boating, running, cricketing, and athletic sports of the public schools, in which our young men at the same time so healthfully cultivate their strength both of mind and body. It is said that the Duke of Wellington, when once looking on at the boys engaged in their sports in the play-ground at Eton, where he had spent many of his own younger days, made the remark, 'It was there that the battle of Waterloo was won!'

Daniel Malthus urged his son when at college to be most diligent in the cultivation of knowledge, but he also enjoined him to pursue manly sports as the best means of keeping up the full working power of his mind, as well as of enjoying the pleasures of intellect. "Every kind of knowledge," said he, "every acquaintance with nature and art, will amuse and strengthen your mind, and I am perfectly pleased that cricket should do the same by your arms and legs; I love to see you excel in exercises of the body, and I think myself that the better half, and much the most agreeable part, of the pleasures of the mind is best enjoyed while one is upon one's legs." But a still more important use of active employment is that referred to by the great divine, Jeremy Taylor. "Avoid idleness," he says, "and fill up all the spaces of thy time with severe and useful employment; for lust easily creeps in at those emptinesses where the soul is unemployed and the body is at ease; for no easy, healthy, idle person was ever chaste if he be tempted; but of all employments bodily labour is the most useful, and of the greatest benefit for driving away the devil."

And elsewhere the same writer says;—"The training of young men in the use of tools would, at the same time that it educated them in 'common things,' teach them the use

of their hands and arms, familiarize them with healthy work, exercise their faculties upon things tangible and actual, give them some practical acquaintance with mechanics, impart to them the ability of being useful, and implant in them the habit of persevering physical effort. This is an advantage which the working-classes, strictly so called, certainly possess over the leisure classes,—that they are in early life under the necessity of applying themselves laboriously to some mechanical pursuit or other,—thus acquiring manual dexterity and the use of their physical powers. The chief disadvantage attached to the calling of the laborious classes is, not that they are employed in physical work, but that they are too exclusively so employed, often to the neglect of their moral and intellectual faculties. While the youths of the leisure classes, having been taught to associate labour with servility, have shunned it, and been allowed to grow up practically ignorant, the poorer classes, confining themselves within the circle of their laborious callings, have been allowed to grow up in a large proportion of cases absolutely illiterate. It seems possible, however, to avoid both these evils by combining physical training or physical work with intellectual culture; and there are various signs abroad which seem to mark the gradual adoption of this healthier system of education.

"The success of even professional men depends in no slight degree on their physical health; and a public writer has gone so far as to say that 'the greatness of our great men is quite as much a bodily affair as a mental one.' A healthy breathing apparatus is as indispensable to the successful lawyer or politician as a well-cultured intellect. The thorough aëration of the blood by free exposure to a large breathing surface in the lungs, is necessary to maintain that full vital power on which the vigorous working of the brain in so large a measure depends. The lawyer has to climb the heights of his profession through close and heated courts, and the

political leader has to bear the fatigue and excitement of long and anxious debates in a crowded House. Hence the lawyer in full practice and the parliamentary leader in full work are called upon to display powers of physical endurance and activity even more extraordinary than those of the intellect,—such powers as have been exhibited in so remarkable a degree by Brougham, Lyndhurst, and Campbell ; by Peel, Graham, and Palmerston—all full chested men.”

SELF-RESPECT ESSENTIAL TO SUCCESS.

(Translated from the Sanskrit.)

A MAN should ne'er himself despise ;
Who weakly thus himself contemns,
The flowing tide of fortune stems,
And ne'er to high estate can rise.

(Translated from the Māhābhārata, by DR. JOHN MUIR, C.I.E.)

THE RIGHT SORT OF ENERGY.

ENERGY, without integrity and a soul of goodness, may only represent the embodied principle of evil. It is observed by Novalis, in his *Thoughts on Morals*, that the ideal of moral perfection has no more dangerous rival to contend with than the ideal of the highest strength and the most energetic life; the maximum of the barbarian—which needs only a due admixture of pride, ambition, and selfishness, to be a perfect ideal of the devil. Amongst men of such stamp are found the greatest scourges and devastators of the world—those elect scoundrels whom Providence, in its inscrutable designs, permits to fulfil their mission of destruction upon earth.

Very different is the man of energetic character inspired by a noble spirit, whose actions are governed by rectitude, and the law of whose life is duty. He is just and upright, —in his business dealings, in his public action, and in his family life—justice being as essential in the government of a home as of a nation. He will be honest in all things—in his words and in his work. He will be generous and merciful to his opponents, as well as to those who are weaker than himself. It was truly said of Sheridan—who, with all his improvidence, was generous and never gave pain—that

“His wit in the combat, as gentle as bright,
Never carried a heart stain away on its blade.”

Such also was the character of Fox, who commanded the affection and service of others by his uniform heatiness and sympathy. He was a man who could always be most easily touched on the side of his honour. Thus, the story is told of a tradesman calling upon him one day for the payment of a promissory note which he presented. Fox was engaged at the time in counting out gold. The tradesman asked to be paid from the money before him. “No,” said Fox. “I owe this money to Sheridan; it is a debt of honour, if any accident happened to me, he would have nothing to show.” “Then,” said the tradesman, “I change *my* debt into one of honour;” and he tore up the note. Fox was conquered by the act: he thanked the man for his confidence, and paid him, saying, “Then Sheridan must wait; yours is the debt of older standing.”

The man of character is conscientious. He puts his conscience into his work, into his words, into his every action. When Cromwell asked the Parliament for soldiers in lieu of the decayed serving-men and tapsters who filled the Commonwealth's army, he required that they should be men “who made some conscience of what they did;” and

such were the men of which his celebrated regiment of "Ironsides" was composed.—*Smiles.*

THE CONDITION OF ACQUIRING KNOWLEDGE.

(Translated from the Sanskrit.)

How can the man who ease pursues,
The praise of knowledge ever earn?
All those the path of toil must choose—
Of ceaseless toil—who care to learn.
Who knowledge seeks must ease refuse;
Who ease prefers must knowledge lose.

(Translated from the *Mahābhārata*, by DR. JOHN MUIR, C.I.E.)

THE THREE FISH; OR, THE VALUE OF DECISION.

(Translated from the Sanskrit.)

It has been related that there was a pond at a distance from the highway, and concealed from the view of passers-by; and its hidden waters were pure like the faith of the pious, and the contemplation thereof was all-sufficient to those seeking after the fountain of life. This pool was connected with a stream of running water, and in it there abode three such beautiful fish, that *Pisces*, from envy of them, was boiled on the frying-pan of jealousy, like *Aries* from the heat of the sun. One of these fish was "very prudent," the second "prudent," and the other "helpless." Once upon a time, in days of spring, when the world, beautified by parterres of roses, became like the Garden of Paradise, and the earth's surface, with its bright, sweet-scented herbs, resembled the azure vault full of stars; when the chamber-

lain, the zephyr, had adorned the surface of the earth with carpets of various colours, and the incomparable Gardener of Creation had decked the plain of the world with roses of different hues—

The garden, from the gentle breeze, was heavy with musk,
The jessamine, in its delicacy, was like the cheek of a
beloved one ;

At the breath of the dawn the rose expands its lips,
Like a smiling beauty caressing her lover—

suddenly two or three fishermen happened to pass by that pool, and by the Divine decree discovered for a certainty the precise facts how these three fish abode in that lake. Having mutually agreed upon a rendezvous, they hastened to fetch their nets. The fish having learned this, though immersed in water, became the associates of the fire of sorrow ; and when night arrived, the one who was endowed with perfect wisdom and possessed the greatest prudence—since often he had suffered violence from fortune, and the capriciousness of the tyrannical heavens, and since his foot was firmly fixed on the carpet of experience—turned in his mind the idea of escape from the net of the fishermen, and the thought of deliverance from their bonds.

Recognise that person as wise and learned

Who firmly establishes the basis of his proceedings ;

He whose prudence is not sound,

The edifice of his affairs is very insecure.

He therefore quickly set about his task : and without waiting to consult his friends, went out at that place which adjoined the running stream. In the morning the fishermen, having arrived, securely blocked up both ends of the pool. The partially wise fish, who was adorned with the ornament of wisdom, but had not a share of the store of experience, when he saw what had happened, was filled with

much remorse, and said, "I have been neglectful, and this is the termination of the business of the incautious. Like that other fish, I should, previous to the advent of a calamity, have been filled with anxiety on my own account; and before the attack of misfortune have devised a plan of escape.

The remedy for an occurrence should be taken before it happens ;

Regret avails nought when the matter has got beyond your reach.

"Now when the season of Light is lost, it is a time for cunning and stratagem ; and although it has been said that at the time of affliction deliberation no longer avails, and that in the period of misfortune no further advantage can be derived from the fruit of wisdom, yet, in spite of this, it behoveth a man of understanding not in any way to be in despair respecting the beneficial results of knowledge, nor in repelling the devices of an enemy, to admit of any delay or procrastination." Therefore, having feigned himself to be dead, he lay drifting upon the surface of the water. A fisherman took him up, and fancying he was lifeless, threw him down on the edge of the bank. The fish, with subtlety, cast himself into the running stream, and escaped safe and sound.

The, O friend ! if thou desirest freedom,
Since without dying you will not find a friend

The other fish, in whose affairs negligence was predominant, and in whose actions incapacity was apparent, bewildered and stupefied, confounded and irresolute, went from right to left, and darted up and down, till at last he was captured.
- (*Translated from the Panchatantra.*)

THE KING AND THE SPIDER.

KING BRUCE of Scotland flung himself down
In a lonely mood to think ;
'Tis true he was monarch, and wore a crown,
But his heart was beginning to sink.

For he had been trying to do a great deed,
To make his people glad ;
He had tried, and tried, but couldn't succeed,
And so he became quite sad.

He flung himself down in low despair,
As grieved as man could be ;
And after awhile, as he pondered there,
"I'll give it all up," said he.

Now just at the moment a spider dropp'd,
With its silken cobweb clue ;
And the king, in the midst of his thinking, stopp'd
To see what the spider would do.

'Twas a long way up to the ceiling dome,
And it hung by a rope so fine,
That how it could get to its cobweb home,
King Bruce could not divine.

It soon began to cling and crawl
Straight up with long endeavour ;
But down it came, with a slippery fall
As near the ground as ever.

Up, up, it ran, not a second it stay'd
To utter the least complaint ;
Till it fell still lower, and there it laid,
A little dizzy and faint.

Its head grew steady—again it went,
 And travelled a half-yard higher;
 'Twas a delicate thread it had to tread,
 And a road where its feet would tire.

Again it fell and swung below,
 But again it quickly mounted;
 Till up and down, now fast, now slow,
 Nine brave attempts were counted.

"Sure," cried the king, "that foolish thing
 Will strive no more to climb;
 When it toils so hard to reach and cling,
 And tumbles every time."

But up the insect went once more,
 Ah me! 'tis an anxious minute;
 He's only a foot from his cobweb door,
 Oh, say will he lose or win it?

Steadily, steadily, inch by inch,
 Higher and higher he got;
 And a bold little run at the very last pinch
 Put him into his native cot.

"Bravo, bravo!" the king cried out,
 "All honour to those who *try*;
 The spider up there defied despair;
 He conquer'd—and why shouldn't I?"

And Bruce of Scotland braced his mind,
 And gossips tell the tale,
 That he tried once more, as he tried before,
 And that time did not fail.

Pay goodly heed, all ye who read,
 And beware of saying "I can't!"
 'Tis a cowardly word, and apt to lead
 To Idleness, Folly, and Want.

SELF-HELP.

Whenever you find your heart despair
Of doing some goodly thing,
Con over this strain, try bravely again,
And remember the Spider and King !

RESOLUTION SECURES ACHIEVEMENT.

"Where there is a will there is a way," is an old and true saying. He who resolves upon doing a thing, by that very resolution often seeks the means to it, and secures its achievement. To think we are able, is almost to be so—to determine upon attainment is frequently attainment itself. Thus, earnest resolution has often seemed to have about it almost a savour of omnipotence. The strength of Suwarow's character lay in his power of willing, and, like most resolute persons, he preached it up as a system. "You can only half will," he would say to people who failed. Like Richelieu and Napoleon, he would have the word "impossible" banished from the dictionary. "I don't know," "I can't," and "impossible," were words which he detested above all others. "Learn ! Do ! Try !" he would exclaim. His biographer has said of him, that he furnished a remarkable illustration of what may be effected by the energetic development and exercise of faculties, the germs of which at least are in every human heart.

One of Napoleon's favourite maxims was, "The truest wisdom is a resolute determination." His life, beyond most others, vividly showed what a powerful and unscrupulous will could accomplish. He threw his whole force of body and mind directly upon his work. Imbecile rulers and the nations they governed went down before him in succession. He was told that the Alps stood in the way of his armies—"There shall be no Alps," he said, and the road across the Simplon was constructed, through a district formerly almost

inaccessible. "Impossible," said he, "is a word only to be found in the dictionary of fools." He was a man who toiled terribly; sometimes employing and exhausting four secretaries at a time. He spared no one, not even himself. His influence inspired other men, and put a new life into them.—SMILES.

PERSEVERANCE REQUIRED IN THE ATTAINMENT OF VIRTUE.

(Translated from the Sanskrit.)

As stones rolled up a hill with toil and pain
Come quickly bounding backward o'er its side;
'Tis hard the top of virtue's steep to gain,
But easy down the slope of vice to glide.

(Translated from the *Hitopadesa*, by DR. JOHN MUIR, C.I.E.)

SELF-HELP:—THE LARK AND HER YOUNG ONES.

A LARK, who had young ones in a field of corn which was almost ripe, was under some fear in case the reapers should come and reap it before her young brood was fledged, and able to remove from the place. Wherefore, upon flying abroad to look for food, she left this charge with them: that they should take notice of what they heard talked of her in her absence, and tell her of it when she came back again. When she was gone, they heard the owner of the corn call to his son. "Well," says he, "I think this corn is ripe enough, I would have you go early to-morrow, and desire our friends and neighbours to come and help us to reap it." When the old lark came home, the young ones fell a quivering and chirping, begging her to

remove them as fast as she could. The mother bid them be easy, for, says she, "if the owner depends upon his friends and neighbours, I am pretty sure the corn will not be reaped to-morrow." Next day she went out again upon the same occasion, and left the same orders with them as before. The owner came and staid, expecting those he had sent to; but the sun grew hot, and nothing was done, for not a soul came to help him. "Then," says he to his son, "I perceive these friends of ours are not to be depended upon, so that you must even go to your uncles and cousins and tell them I desire that they would be here betimes, to-morrow morning to help us to reap." Well, this the young ones in a great fright reported also to their mother. "If that be all," says she, "do not be frightened, children, for kindred and relations do not use to be so very forward to serve one another; but take particular notice what you hear said the next time, and be sure you let me know it." She went abroad the next day as usual, and the owner, finding his relations as slack as the rest of his neighbours, said to his son, "Hark ye, George, do you get a couple of good sickles ready against to-morrow morning, and we will even reap the corn ourselves." When the young ones told their mother this, "Then," says she, "we must be gone indeed; for when a man undertakes to do his business himself, it is not so likely he will be disappointed." So she removed her young ones immediately, and the corn was reaped the next day by the good man and his son.—ÆSOP'S FABLES.

• THE VALUE OF PERSEVERANCE.

As water-drops, which slowly fall,
A pitcher fill by ceaseless flow;
So learning, virtue, riches, all
By constant small accessions grow.

(Translated from the *Widdha Chānakyā*, by DR. JOHN MUIR, C.I.E.,

MICHAEL ANGELO AND THE STATUE.

A FRIEND called on Michael Angelo, who was finishing a statue. Some time afterwards he called again. The sculptor was still at his work. His friend, looking at the figure, exclaimed, "You have been idle since I saw you last. "By no means," replied the sculptor; "I have retouched this part and polished that; I have softened this feature and brought out this muscle; I have given more expression to this lip, and more energy to this limb." "Well, well!" said his friend, "but all these are trifles." "It may be so," replied Angelo, "but recollect that trifles make perfection, and that perfection is no trifle."

ANON.

FIRST FAILURES OF GREAT MEN.

MANY have to make up their minds to encounter failure again and again before they succeed; but if they have pluck, the failure will only serve to rouse their courage, and stimulate them to renewed efforts. Talma, the greatest of actors, was hissed off the stage when he first appeared on it. Lacordaire, one of the greatest preachers of modern times, only acquired celebrity after repeated failures. Montalembert said of his first public appearance in the Church of St. Roch: "He failed completely, and on coming out everyonesaid, 'Though he may be a man of talent, he will never be a preacher.'" Again and again he tried until he succeeded; and only two years after his *début*, Lacordaire was preaching in Notre Dame to audiences such as few French orators have addressed since the time of Bossuet and Massillon.

When Mr. Cobden first appeared as a speaker, at a public meeting in Manchester, he completely broke down, and the chairman apologized for his failure. Sir James Graham and Mr. Disraeli failed and were derided at first, and only

succeeded by dint of great labour and application. At one time Sir James Graham had almost given up public speaking in despair. He said to his friend Sir Francis Baring: "I have tried it every way—extempore, from notes, and committing all to memory—and I can't do it. I don't know why it is, but I am afraid I shall never succeed." Yet, by dint of perseverance, Graham, like Disraeli, lived to become one of the most effective and impressive of parliamentary speakers.

Failures in one direction have sometimes had the effect of forcing the far-seeing student to apply himself in another. Thus Prideaux's failure as a candidate for the post of parish-clerk of Ugboro, in Devon, led to his applying himself to learning, and to his eventual elevation to the bishopric of Worcester. When Boileau, educated for the bar, pleaded his first cause, he broke down amidst shouts of laughter. He next tried the pulpit, and failed there too. And then he tried poetry, and succeeded. Fontenelle and Voltaire both failed at the bar. So Cowper, through his diffidence and shyness, broke down when pleading his first cause, though he lived to revive the poetic art in England. Montesquieu and Bentham both failed as lawyers, and forsook the bar for more congenial pursuits—the latter leaving behind him a treasury of legislative procedure for all time. Goldsmith failed in passing as a surgeon; but he wrote the "Deserted Village" and the "Vicar of Wakefield;" whilst Addison failed as a speaker, but succeeded in writing "Sir Roger de Coverley," and his many famous papers in the "Spectator."

SMILES.

TRY, AGAIN.

'Tis a lesson you should heed,

Try, try, try again ;

If at first you don't succeed,

Try, try, try again.

Then your courage should appear ;

For, if you will persevere,

You will conquer, never fear,

Try, try, try again.

Once or twice, though you may fail,

Try, try, try again ;

If at last you would prevail,

Try, try, try again.

If we strive, 'tis no disgrace,

Though we may not win the race ;

What should we do in that case

Try, try, try again.

If you find your task is hard,

Try, try, try again ,

Time will bring you your reward,

Try, try, try again.

All that other people do,

Why, with patience, should not you ?

Only keep this rule in view,

Try, try, try again.

LABOUR AND GENIUS.

THE prevailing idea with young people has been the incompatibility of labour and genius ; and, therefore, from the fear of being thought dull, they have thought it necessary to remain ignorant. I have seen, at school and at college, a

great many young men completely destroyed by having been so unfortunate as to produce an excellent copy of verses. Their genius being now established, all that remained for them to do, was to act up to the dignity of the character ; and as this dignity consisted of reading nothing new, in forgetting what they had already read, and in pretending to be acquainted with all subjects by a sort of off-hand exertion of talents, they soon collapsed into the most frivolous and insignificant of men.

It would be an extremely profitable thing to draw up a short and well-authenticated account of the habits of study of the most celebrated writers with whose style of literary industry we happen to be most acquainted. It would go very far to destroy the absurd and pernicious association of genius and idleness, by showing that the greatest poets, orators, statesmen, and historians—men of the most brilliant and imposing talents—have actually laboured as hard as the makers of dictionaries and the arrangers of indexes ; and that the most obvious reason why they have been superior to other men is, that they have taken more pains than other men.

Gibbon was in his study every morning, winter and summer, at six o'clock ; Burke was the most laborious and indefatigable of human beings ; Leibnitz was never out of his library ; Pascal killed himself by study ; Cicero narrowly escaped death by the same cause ; Milton was at his books with as much regularity as a merchant or an attorney ; he had mastered all the knowledge of his time ; so had Bacon. Raphaël lived but thirty-seven years, and in that short space carried fine art so far beyond what it had before reached, that he appears to stand alone as a model to his successors.

There are instances to the contrary ; but, generally speaking, the life of all truly great men has been a life of intense and incessant labour. They have commonly passed the first half of life in the gross darkness of indigent humility—overlooked, mistaken, contemned, by weaker men—thinking

while others slept, reading while others rioted, feeling something within them, that told them they should not always be kept down among the dregs of the world. And then, when their time was come, and some little accident has given them their first occasion, they have burst out into the light and glory of public life, rich with the spoils of time, and mighty in all the labours and struggles of the mind.

Then do the multitude cry out "A miracle of genius!" Yes, he is a miracle of genius, because he is a miracle of labour; because, instead of trusting to the resources of his own single mind, he has ransacked a thousand minds; because he makes use of the accumulated wisdom of ages, and takes, as his point of departure, the very last line and boundary to which science had advanced; because it has ever been the object of his life to assist every intellectual gift of nature, however munificent, and however splendid, with every resource that art could suggest, and every attention diligence could bestow.

But while I am descanting upon the cultivation of the understanding, and the best modes of acquiring knowledge, some men may be disposed to ask: "Why cultivate my understanding with such endless care?—and what is the use of so much knowledge?" What is the use of so much knowledge? What is the use of so much life? What are we to do with the seventy years of existence allotted to us? and how are we to live them out to the last? I solemnly declare that, but for the love of knowledge, I should consider the life of the meanest hedger and ditcher, as preferable to that of the greatest and richest man in existence; for the fire of our minds is like the fire which the Persians burn on the mountains; it flames night and day, and is immortal, and not to be quenched! Upon something it must act and feed,—upon the pure spirit of knowledge, or upon the foul dregs of polluting passions.

Therefore, when I say, in cultivating your understanding

love knowledge with a great love, with a vehement love with a love coeval with life, what do I say but love innocence ; love virtue ; love purity of conduct ; love that which, if you are rich and great, will sanctify the blind fortune which has made you so, and make men call it justice ; love that which, if you are poor, will render your poverty respectable, and make the proudest feel it unjust to laugh at the meanness of your fortunes ; love that which will comfort you, adorn you ; and never quit you, — which will open to you the kingdom of thought, and all the boundless regions of conception, as an asylum against the cruelty, the injustice, and the pain, that may be your lot in the outer world, — that which will make our motives habitually great and honourable, and light up in an instant a thousand noble disdains at the very thought of meanness or of fraud ?

Therefore, if any young man has embarked his life in pursuit of knowledge, let him go on without doubt, or fearing the event ; let him not be intimidated by the cheerless beginnings of Knowledge, by the darkness from which she springs, by the difficulties which hover around her, by the wretched habitations in which she dwells, by the want and sorrow which sometimes journey in her train ; but let him ever follow her as the Angel that guards him ; and as the Genius of his life. She will bring him out at last into the light of day, and exhibit him to the world comprehensive in acquirements, fertile in resources, rich in imagination, strong in reasoning, prudent and powerful above his fellows in all the relations and in all the offices of life. — SYDNEY, SMITH

THE ANT.

Turn on the prudent ant thy heedful eyes,
Observe her labours, sluggard, and be wise ;
No stern command, no monitory voice,
Prescribes her duties, or directs her choice :

Yet, timely provident, she hastes away,
 To snatch the blessings of the plenteous day;
 When fruitful summer loads the teeming plain,
 She crops the harvest, and she stores the grain.
 How long shall sloth usurp thy useless hours,
 Unnerve thy vigour, and enchain thy powers;
 While artful shades thy downy couch enclose,
 And soft solicitation courts repose?
 Amidst the drowsy charms of dull delight,
 Year chases year with unremitting flight,
 Till Want, now following, fraudulent and slow
 Shall spring to seize thee like an ambush'd foe.

JOHNSON.

THE FORCE OF INDUSTRY.

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS was so earnest a believer in the force of industry that he held that all men might achieve excellence if they would but exercise the power of assiduous and patient working. He held that drudgery lay on the road to genius, and that there was no limit to the proficiency of an artist except the limit of his own painstaking. He would not believe in what is called inspiration, but only in study and labour. "Excellence," he said, "is never granted to man but as the reward of labour." "If you have great talents, industry will improve them; if you have but moderate abilities, industry will supply their deficiency. Nothing is denied to well-directed labour; nothing is to be obtained without it." Sir Fowell Buxton was an equal believer in the power of study; and he entertained the modest idea that he could do as well as other men if he devoted to the pursuit double the time and labour that they did. He placed his great confidence in ordinary means, and extraordinary application.

"I have known several men in my life," says Dr. Ross, "who may be recognized in days to come as men of genius, and they were all plodders, hard-working, *intent* men. Genius is known by its works; genius without works is a blind faith, a dumb oracle. But meritorious works are the result of time and labour, and cannot be accomplished by intention or by a wish. . . . Every great work is the result of vast preparatory training. Facility comes by labour. Nothing seems easy, not even walking, that was not difficult at first. The orator whose eye flashes instantaneous fire, and whose lips pour out a flood of noble thoughts, startling by their unexpectedness, and elevating by their wisdom and truth, has learned his secret by patient repetition, and after many bitter disappointments."—SMILES.

VIGOUR.

(Translated from the Sanskrit.)

IN words to carry out a plan
Is easy work for any man ;
But those who vigour join with skill,
Alone hard tasks in act fulfil.

— (Translated from the *Kāmāyana*, by DR. JOHN MUIR, C.I.E.)

ON INDUSTRY AND APPLICATION.

DILIGENCE, industry, and proper improvement of time, are material duties of the young ; and to no purpose are they endowed with the best abilities, if they want activity for exerting them. In youth the habits of industry are most easily acquired ; in youth the incentives to it are strongest—

from ambition and from duty, from emulation and hope, and from all the prospects which the beginning of life affords.

Industry is not only the instrument of improvement, but the foundation of pleasure; for nothing is so opposite to the true enjoyment of life, as the relaxed and feeble state of an indolent mind.

He who is a stranger to industry may possess, but he cannot enjoy. It is labour only that gives a relish to pleasure. It is the indispensable condition of our possessing a sound mind in a sound body. Idleness is so inconsistent with both, that it is hard to determine whether it be a greater foe to virtue, or to health and happiness. Inactive as it is in itself, its effects are fatally powerful. Though it appears a slowly flowing stream, yet it undermines all that is stable and flourishing. It is like water, which first putrefies by stagnation, and then sends up noxious vapours, filling the atmosphere with death.

No influence of fortune, or elevation of rank, exempts the possessor from the duties of application and industry: for industry is the law of our being—it is the demand of nature, of reason, and of God. Flee therefore from idleness, as the certain parent both of guilt and of ruin! And under idleness may be included not merely inaction, but all that circle of trifling and frivolous occupations, in which too many saunter away their youth. Youth requires amusements: it would be vain, it would be cruel, to prohibit them. But though allowable as the relaxation, they are highly culpable as the business of the young; for they then become the gulf of time, and the poison of the mind; they foment bad passions, they weaken the manly powers, and sink the native vigour of youth into contemptible effeminacy.

HUGH BLAIR.

PRAISE OF ENERGY.

(Translated from the *Sanskrit*.)

MOUNT MERU'S peak to scale is not too high,
Nor Hades' lowest depth to reach too deep,
Nor any sea too broad to overleap,
For men of dauntless, jery energy.

(Translated from the *Vuddha Chāṇakya*, by
J. R. JOHN MUIR, C.I.E.)



THE CROW AND THE PITCHER; OR, PERSEVERANCE REWARDED.

A CROW, ready to die with thirst, flew with joy to a pitcher, which he beheld at some distance. When he came, he found water in it indeed, but so near the bottom, with all his stooping and straining he was not able to reach it. Then he endeavoured to overturn the pitcher, that so at least he might be able to get a little of it. But his strength was not sufficient for this. At last, seeing some pebbles lie near the place, he cast them one by one into the pitcher, and thus, by degrees, raised the water up to the very brim, and satisfied his thirst.—*Aesop's Fables*.

LORD STANLEY ON "LOVE OF WORK."

"I do not believe that an unemployed man, however amiable and otherwise respectable, ever was, or ever can be, really happy. As work is our life, show me what you can do, and I will show you what you are. I have spoken of love of one's work as the best preventive of merely low and vicious tastes. I will go further, and say that it is the

best preservative against petty anxieties, and the annoyances that arise out of indulged self-love. Men have thought before now that they could take refuge from trouble and vexation by sheltering themselves as it were in a world of their own. The experiment has often been tried, and always with one result. You cannot escape from anxiety and labour—it is the destiny of humanity Those who shrink from facing trouble, find that trouble comes to them. The indolent man may contrive that he shall have less than his share of the world's work to do: but Nature, proportioning the instinct to the work, contrives that the little shall be much and hard to him. The man who has only himself to please finds, sooner or later, and probably sooner than later, that he has got a very hard master; and the excessive weakness which shrinks from responsibility has its own punishment too, for where great interests are excluded little matters become great, and the same wear and tear of mind that might have been at least usefully and healthily expended on the real business of life is often wasted in petty and imaginary vexations, such as breed and multiply in the unoccupied brain.”—LORD STANLEY'S *Address to the Students of Glasgow University*, on his installation as Lord Rector, 1869.

SIR WALTER SCOTT TO HIS SON CHARLES AT SCHOOL.

“I cannot too much impress upon your mind that *labour* is the condition which God has imposed on us in every station of life; there is nothing worth having that can be had without it, from the bread which the peasant wins with the sweat of his brow, to the sports by which the rich man must get rid of his *ennui*. . . . As for knowledge, it can no more be planted in the human mind without

labour than a field of wheat can be produced without the previous use of the plough. There is, indeed, this great difference, that chance or circumstances may so cause it that another shall reap what the farmer sows; but no man can be deprived, whether by accident or misfortune, of the fruits of his own studies; and the liberal and extended acquisitions of knowledge which he makes are all for his own use. Labour, therefore, my dear boy, and improve the time. In youth our steps are light, and our minds are ductile, and knowledge is easily laid up; but if we neglect our spring, our summer will be useless and contemptible, our harvest will be chaff, and the winter of our old age unrespected and desolate."

KNOWLEDGE.

A PHILOSOPHER was advising his sons, and saying, "My dear boys! acquire knowledge; for no reliance should be placed on the possessions and wealth of the world, since silver and gold on a journey (like life's) are an abiding source of affliction; for a thief may carry off all at a swoop, or the owner by degrees spend all; but knowledge is a never-failing fount, and an everlasting treasure. If a man possessed of knowledge fall from riches (into poverty), it is of no consequence, for knowledge is wealth in itself; wherever he goes he meets with esteem, and sits in the seat of honour; whereas the man without knowledge picks up scraps of food, and experiences hardship."

GULISTAN.

WORK AND OVERWORK.

A FAIR measure of work is good for mind as well as body. Man is an intelligence sustained and preserved by bodily

organ; and their active exercise is necessary to the enjoyment of health. It is not work, but overwork, that is hurtful; and it is not hard work that is injurious so much as monotonous work, fagging work, hopeless work. All hopeful work is healthful; and to be usefully and hopefully employed is one of the great secrets of happiness. Brain-work, in moderation, is no more wearing than any other kind of work. Duly regulated, it is as promotive of health as bodily exercise; and, when due attention is paid to the physical system, it seems difficult to put more upon a man than he can bear. Merely to eat and drink and sleep one's way idly through life is vastly more injurious. The wear-and-tear of rust is even faster than the wear-and-tear of work.

But overwork is always bad economy. It is, in fact, great waste, especially if conjoined with worry. Indeed, worry kills far more than work does. It frets, it excites, it consumes the body—as sand and grit, which occasion excessive friction, wear out the wheels of a machine. Overwork and worry have both to be guarded against. For over-brain-work is strain-work; and it is exhausting and destructive according as it is in excess of nature. And the brain-worker may exhaust and overbalance his mind by excess, just as the athlete may overstrain his muscles and break his back by attempting feats beyond the strength of his physical system.—SMILES on *Character*.

HOW TO MAKE THE BEST OF IT.

ROBINET, a peasant of Lorraine, after a hard day's work at the next market town, was returning home with a basket in his hand.

"What a delicious supper shall I have!" said he to him-

self. "This piece of kid well stewed down, with my onions sliced, thickened with my meal, and seasoned with my salt and pepper, will make a dish fit for the bishop of the diocese. Then I have a good piece of barley loaf at home to finish with. How I long to be at it!"

A noise in the hedge now attracted his notice, and he spied a squirrel nimbly running up a tree, and popping into a hole between the branches.

"Ha!" thought he, "what a nice present a nest of young squirrels will be to my little master! I'll try if I can get it."

Upon this he set down his basket in the road, and began to climb up the tree. He had half ascended, when, casting a look at his basket, he saw a dog with his nose in it, ferreting out the piece of kid's flesh. He made all possible speed down, but the dog was too quick for him, and ran off with the meat in his mouth. Robinet looked after him.

"Well," said he, "then I must be content with soup meagre—and no bad thing after all."

He travelled on, and came to a little public-house by the roadside, where an acquaintance of his was sitting on a bench drinking. He invited Robinet to take a draught, Robinet seated himself by his friend, and set his basket on the bench close by him. A tame raven which was kept at the house, came slyly behind him, and perching on the basket, stole away the bag in which the meal was tied up, and hopped off with it to his hole. Robinet did not perceive the theft till he had gone on his way again. He returned to search for his bag, but could hear no tidings of it.

"Well," says he, "my soup will be the thinner, but I will boil a slice of bread with it, and that will do it some good, at least."

He went on again, and arrived at a little brook over which was laid a narrow plank. A young woman coming up to pass at the same time, Robinet gallantly offered her his hand. As soon as she was got to the middle, either through fear or

sport, he shrieked out, and cried she was falling. Robinet, hastening to support her with his other hand, let his basket drop into the stream. As soon as she was safe over, he jumped in and recovered it; but when he took it out, he perceived that all the salt was melted and the pepper washed away. Nothing was now left but the onions.

"Well," says Robinet, "then I must sup to-night on roasted onions and barley-bread. Last night I had the bread alone. To-morrow morning it will not signify what I had." So saying, he trudged on, singing as before.—*Evenings at Home.*

ALL'S FOR THE BEST.

All's for the best ! be sanguine and cheerful,
 Trouble and sorrow are friends in disguise;
 Nothing but Folly goes faithless and fearful,

Courage for ever is happy and wise :
 All for the best, —if a man would but know it,
 Providence wishes us all to be blest ;
 This is no dream of the pundit or poet,
 Heaven is gracious, and—All's for the best !

All for the best ! set this on your standard,
 Soldier of sadness, or pilgrim of love,
 Who to the shores of Despair may have wandered,
 A way-wearied swallow, or heart-stricken dove,
 All for the best ! be a man but confiding,
 Providence tenderly governs the rest,
 And the frail bark of His creature is guiding,
 Wisely and warily all for the best.

All for the best ! then fling away terrors,
 Meet all your fears and your foes in the van,
 And in the midst of your dangers or errors
 Trust like a child; while you strive like a man.

All's for the best!—unbiased, unbounded,
 Providence reigns from the East to the West;
 And, by such wisdom, and mercy surrounded,
 Hope, and be happy, that All's for the best;

TUPPER.

THE DISCONTENTED SQUIRREL.

In a pleasant wood, on the western side of a ridge of mountains, there lived a Squirrel, who had passed two or three years of his life very happily. At length he began to grow discontented, and one day fell into the following soliloquy:—

"What! must I spend all my time in this spot, running up and down the same trees, gathering nuts and acorns, and dozing away months together in a hole! I see a great many of the birds who inhabit this wood ramble about to a distance, wherever their fancy leads them, and at the approach of winter set out for some remote country, where they enjoy summer weather all the year round. My neighbour cuckoo tells me he is just going; and even little nightingale will soon follow. To be sure, I have not wings like them, but I have legs nimble enough; but if one does not use them, one might as well be a mole or a dormouse. I daresay I could easily reach to that blue ridge which I see from the tops of the trees; which no doubt must be a fine place, for the sun comes directly from it every morning, and it often appears all covered with red and yellow, and the finest colours imaginable. There can be no harm, at least, in trying, for I can soon get back again if I don't like it. I am resolved to go, and I will start to-morrow morning."

When Spring had taken this resolution, he could not sleep all night for thinking of it; and at peep of day prudently taking with him as much provision as he could

conveniently carry, he began his journey in high spirits. He presently got to the outside of the wood, and entered upon the open moors that reached to the foot of the hills. These he crossed before the sun was high; and then, having eaten his breakfast with an excellent appetite, he began to ascend. It was heavy toilsome work scrambling up the steep sides of the mountains; but Squirrel was used to climbing, so for awhile he proceeded expeditiously. Often, however, was he obliged to stop and take breath; so that it was a good deal past noon before he had arrived at the summit of the first cliff. Here he sat down to eat his dinner; and looking back, was wonderfully pleased with the fine prospect. The wood in which he lived lay far beneath his feet, and he viewed with scorn the humble habitation in which he had been born and bred.

When he looked forwards, however, he was somewhat discouraged to observe that another eminence rose above him, full as distant as that to which he had already reached; and he now began to feel stiff and fatigued. However, after a little rest, he set out again, though not so briskly as before. The ground was rugged, brown, and bare; and to his great surprise, instead of finding it warmer as he got nearer the sun, he felt it grow colder and colder. He had not travelled two hours before his strength and spirits were almost spent; and he seriously thought of giving up the point, and returning before night should come on. While he was thus deliberating with himself, clouds began to gather round the mountain; and to take away all view of distant objects. Presently a storm of mingled snow and hail came down, driven by a violent wind, which pelted poor Squirrel most pitifully, and made him quite unable to move forwards or backwards. Besides, he had completely lost his road, and did not know which way to turn towards that despised home, which it was now his only desire again to reach. The storm lasted till the approach of night; and it was as much as he

could do, benumbed and weary as he was, to crawl to the hollow of a rock at some distance, which was the best lodging he could find for the night. His provisions were spent. so that, hungry and shivering, he crept into the farthest corner of the cavern, and rolling himself up, with his bushy tail over his back, he got a little sleep, though disturbed by the cold, and the shrill whistling of the wind amongst the stones.

The morning broke over the distant tops of the mountains, when Squirrel, half frozen and famished, came out of his lodging, and advanced, as well as he could, towards the brow of the hill, that he might discover which way to take. As he was slowly creeping along, a hungry kite, soaring in the air above, descried him, and making a swoop, carried him off in her talons. Poor Squirrel, losing his senses with the fright, was borne away with vast rapidity, and seemed inevitably doomed to become food for the kite's young ones. When an eagle, who had seen the kite seize her prey, pursued her in order to take it from her; and overtaking her, gave her such a buffet as caused her to drop the Squirrel in order to defend herself. The poor animal kept falling through the air a long time, till at last he alighted in the midst of a thick tree, the leaves and tender boughs of which so broke his fall, that, though stunned and breathless, he escaped without material injury, and, after lying awhile, came to himself again. But what was his pleasure and surprise to find himself in the very tree which contained his nest!

"Ah!" said he, "my dear native place and peaceful home! if ever I am again tempted to leave you, may I undergo a second time all the miseries and dangers from which I have now so wonderfully escaped."—*Evenings at Home.*

BEHIND TIME; OR, BE PUNCTUAL.

A RAILWAY train was rushing along at almost lightning speed. A curve was just ahead, beyond which was a station at which two trains usually met. The conductor was late, so late that the period during which the up-train was to wait had nearly elapsed; but he hoped yet to pass the curve safely. Suddenly a locomotive dashed into sight right ahead. In an instant there was a collision. A shriek, a shock, and fifty souls were in eternity; and all because an engineer had been *behind time*.

A great battle was going on. Column after column had been precipitated for eight hours on the enemy, posted on the ridge of a hill. The summer sun was sinking to the west; reinforcements for the obstinate defenders were already in sight. It was necessary to carry the position with one final charge, or everything would be lost. A powerful corps had been summoned from across the country, and if it had come up in season all would yet be right. The great conqueror, confident of its arrival, formed his reserve into an attacking column, and led them down the hill. The world knows the result. Grouchy failed to appear; the Imperial Guard was beaten back: Waterloo was lost. Napoleon died a prisoner at St. Helena, because one of his marshals was *behind time*.

A leading firm in commercial circles had long struggled against bankruptcy. As it had enormous sums of money in California, it expected remittances by a certain day, and if they arrived, its credit, its honour, and its future prosperity would be preserved. But week after week elapsed without bringing the gold. At last came the fatal day on which the firm was bound to meet bills which had been maturing to enormous amounts. The steamer was telegraphed at day-break; but it was found on enquiry that she brought no funds, and the house failed. The next arrival brought

nearly half a million to the insolvents, but it was too late ; they were ruined because their agents, in remitting the money, had been *behind time*.

A condemned man was led out for execution. He had taken human life, but under circumstances of the greatest provocation, and public sympathy was active in his behalf. Thousands had signed petitions for a reprieve, a favourable answer had been expected the night before, and though it had not come, even the sheriff felt confident that it would yet arrive. Thus the morning passed without the appearance of the messenger. The last moment was up. The prisoner took his place on the drop, the cap was drawn over his eyes, the bolt was drawn, and a lifeless body swung revolving in the wind. Just at that moment a horseman came into sight, galloping down hill, his steed covered with foam. He carried a packet in his right hand which he waved frantically to the crowd. He was the express rider with the reprieve ; but he came too late. A comparatively innocent man had died an ignominious death because a watch had been five minutes too slow, making its bearer arrive *behind time*.

It is continually so in life. The best laid plans, the most important affairs, the fortunes of individuals, the woe of nations, honour, happiness, life itself, are daily sacrificed, because somebody is "behind time." There are men who always fail in whatever they undertake, simply because they are "behind time." There are others who put off reformation year by year, till death seizes them, and they perish repentant, because for ever "behind time." Five minutes in a crisis is worth years. It is but a little period, yet it has often saved a fortune or redeemed a people. If there is one virtue that should be cultivated more than another, it is *punctuality* ; if there is one error that should be avoided, it is being *behind time*.

EXERCISE.

EXERCISE in open air
 Keeps the system in repair ;
 All the better it will be,
 If pursued with life and glee.
 Have an object for your walk,
 Or a friend with whom to talk.
 Only thus, 'tis understood,
 Will your walking do you good.
 Merry sport and manly game
 Lend a vigour to the frame,
 Which can ne'er be felt by those
 In indolence who like to doze.
 These are surely pleasant ways
 To prolong your youthful days.

ANON

PRESERVATION OF HEALTH.

WE cannot see any fellow-creatures in failing health, or actual sickness, without pity, and we are called upon to help and relieve such persons as far as we can. To visit the sick is one of the most amiable duties of humanity. It were well, nevertheless, were we to keep clearly in view that it is our duty to study, by all means, to avoid putting our neighbours to this trouble.

When a man is sick, his usefulness to himself and others is lost. He becomes a burden on those around him. There is, therefore, a kind of merit in preserving health. For similar reasons a man deserves some honour for living to a good old age. It is often no blame to be cut off early ; for life is exposed to many injuries, which cannot wholly, if at all, be avoided. But no one can attain old age without

having used some degree of care, and exercised some self-denial; and care and self-denial are worthy of praise.

The longer too that we keep up life with health and activity we may be said to have been the better bargain to society, as what was laid out for us in our early days both in our support and education, will thus have been the better repaid.

Man has been so formed by his Creator, that with fair treatment from himself and others, and barring hurtful accidents, he will live about seventy years or more. In reality a vast number of people die long before that age. This is because of their having wilfully or otherwise broken some of the rules of health, or been exposed to some kind of hurt, too severe to be remedied.

Man requires for his health, *pure air* to breathe, sufficiency—and no more than a *sufficiency*—of *simple food*, *clothing* to keep him in equal temperature, a *dwelling* to protect him from the severity of weather, with *occupation for his mind*, and *objects for his social feelings*. Exposed, on the contrary, to bad or tainted air, eating or drinking intemperately, remaining unprotected from the violent changes of the temperature, or a prey to idle dullness or a melancholy life, he will lose his health, and, perhaps, have his days cut short. It is our duty to study how to preserve health. The greatest of earthly blessings is a sound mind, in a sound body.

Besides the ailments which befall individuals for breach or neglect of the laws of health, there are certain diseases, —as fevers, cholera, and small-pox, — which attack large numbers of people at once, passing by contagion or infection from one to another, and of course involving many who have not been violating those laws. Such diseases have all of them taken their rise in disobedience to the laws of health *somewhere*, in insufficient food, in intemperance, in want of cleanliness or in living in damp, ill-aired situations ;

and their destroying the guilty and innocent alike should be accepted as a reason for all of us seeking, as far as we can, to prevent such errors in our neighbours, not leaving them to transgress in ignorance. It shows that we must not be selfish even in our virtues, but that we must be always trying to take our fellow-creatures along with us in similar virtues. We are also reminded by it that the poor and the helpless have constant claims upon the able-bodied and the rich.

Everyone must now see how important it is for us all, that each person should live in a well-aired house, and be temperately nourished and comfortably clothed. It is clear, that anyone who continues to occupy a damp house, to sleep in very close rooms, to neglect cleanliness, and to eat and drink intemperately, commits a kind of misdemeanour towards society, seeing that his consequent bad health is an inconvenience and a loss to the world. It is particularly blamable on the part of fathers of families to neglect or break the rules of health; for when any such person is carried off prematurely by disease, his family loses his protection and support, and becomes more or less a burden to others. We are manifestly bound to do everything in our power to promote cleanly living, and to improve the dwellings as well as the habits of all around us.

It is a duty to study the rules of good health,
 To *ourselves*, as it gives us ease, vigour, and wealth;
 To *others*, because while we give the less trouble,
 Of service to them we may render the double.



CHAPTER V.

MY DUTY TOWARDS OTHERS, IN VARIOUS RELATIONS OF LIFE

FILIAL PIETY; CONJUGAL LOVE; FRAITERNAL AFFECTION;
THE DUTIES OF KINDRED; LOYALTY; REVERENCE TO
AGE; RESPECT FOR PASTORS, MASTERS, AND BROTHERS,
COURTESY AND CONSIDERATION FOR OTHERS, PUPIL
SPIRIT, PATRIOTISM, AND PHILANTHROPY; POLITY FOR
THE POOR AND HELPLESS; KINDNESS TO ANIMALS

FILIAL PIETY.—The home is the first and best of schools. If we try to do our duty there, we shall learn the spirit of love and duty; we shall learn self-control, and care for others, and cheerfulness, and patience. To love one's own family, a great English orator once said, is the germ of all public affections.

And of all the home affections, love and dutifulness and reverence towards the parents, who have cared for us in our early years, are at once the most natural and the most sacred. The ingratitude of a son who disobeys his parents, or treats them with disrespect, has in all countries and at all times been regarded as an unnatural and detestable crime. The undutiful son was punished, under the Jewish law, by being stoned to death; and one of the wisest of men said of such, "The eye that mocketh at his father and despiseth to

obey his mother, the ravens of the valley shall pick it out, and the vultures shall eat it." One of the brightest examples of filial piety, of love and implicit obedience rendered to parents, is afforded by the story of Rāma and his exile from Ayodhya, an extract from which is given on page 150. In after life, the remorse of those who have been undutiful to parents, is very bitter. One of the great sorrows of the famous French historian Michelet, was that his mother had not lived long enough for him to be able to show his gratitude to her. He wrote—

"I lost her thirty years ago (I was a child then)—nevertheless, ever living in my memory, she follows me from age to age.

"She suffered with me in my poverty, and was not allowed to share my better fortune. When young, I made her sad, and now I cannot console her. I know not even where her bones are: I was too poor then to buy earth to bury her!

"And yet I owe her much. I feel deeply that I am the son of woman. Every instant, in my ideas and words (not to mention my features and gestures), I find again my mother in myself. It is my mother's blood which gives me the sympathy I feel for bygone ages, and the tender remembrance of all those who are now no more."

When children are rebuked, or punished by their parents, they should remember that it is for their good. Even if the punishment should seem to be unjust, or excessively severe, it is the duty of children to submit to it uncomplainingly. Solomon said, "The rod and reproof give wisdom; but a child left to himself bringeth his mother to shame." The mother of a famous painter, Ary Scheffer, thus wrote to him when he was away from home:—"If you could but see me kissing your picture, then after a while taking it up again, and, with a tear in my eye, calling you 'my beloved son,' you would comprehend what it costs me to use sometimes the stern language of authority, and to occasion to you

moments of pain." George Herbert, the English poet, used to say, "One good mother is worth a hundred schoolmasters." And it is related of John Randolph, an American statesman, that he once said, "I should have been an atheist if it had not been for one recollection—and that was the memory of the time when my departed mother used to take my little hand in hers, and cause me on my knees to say, 'Our Father who art in heaven.'"

True filial piety induces us to render to our parents not only love and obedience, but also respect in all things. Children should address their parents modestly and reverently; they should never talk of the faults or weaknesses of a parent to others, but do all they can to make their parents respected by all. In these points the example of Rāma, as taught us in the *Rāmāyana*—and especially the way in which he speaks of his absent father, at a time when he has to endure the great sorrow of exile on account of his father's rash promise—is worthy of all imitation.

When a son is absent for many days or weeks from home—as, for instance, at school or college—he should remember the loving anxiety that is felt about him by those at home. He should write to his parents as often as he can. He should not burden his father unnecessarily by unreasonable requests for money or other things. And, above all he should live as blamelessly as if he were under his parents' eyes—remembering that God sees all his actions, and hears all his words.

CONJUGAL LOVE.—In the whole of the literature of the world there is not, perhaps, a more striking example of the pure and holy love that ought to subsist between husband and wife, than that which is afforded by the story of Rāma and Sītā. Bharaṭhari says that the result of this love is—
one mind inspiring two persons; and its characteristics

should be constancy, tenderness, and mutual respect. Paul, the Christian Apostle, said, "He that loveth his wife, loveth himself." In the *Mālatī-Mādhava* it is written, "Women, like flowers, are of a tender fabric, and should be treated gently and tenderly"; and in the *Mṛichchhakatī*—

"Look round the garden, mark those stately trees,
Which, duly, by the king's command attended,
Put forth abundantly their fruits and flowers;
Are clasped by twining creepers; they resemble
The manly husband and the loving wife."

Where the husband has received (as often happens in India) a better education than the wife, his love and respect for her will induce him to try to remedy the deficiency so that she may be an intelligent companion for him. And let him remember that the *Mṛichchhakatī* in another place says, "Nature is woman's teacher, and therein she learns more virtue than man, the pedant, glean from books." In the *Brahma dharma* it is written. "Until he finds a wife, a man is only half of a whole; the house which is not occupied by children is like a cemetery."

FRATERNAL AFFECTION AND THE DUTIES OF KINDRED.
—Brothers and sisters, being united by the love of the same parents, and having been brought up to share the same amusements and the same mode of life, ought to love each other, treat each other with respect, and endeavour to promote each other's happiness. They should be self-denying one to another; and the elder and stronger should be the guides, instructors, and defenders of the younger and weaker. "My best education," said Sir Charles Bell, "was the example set me by my brothers." An English author writes, "Remember that the character you form in your family will, in all probability, follow you through life. As

you are regarded by your own brothers and sisters at home, so, in a great measure, will you be regarded by others, when you leave your father's house. If you are manly, kind, and courteous at home, so you will continue to be; and these traits of character will always make you beloved. But if you are peevish, ill-natured, harsh, uncourteous, or overbearing, at home among your own brothers and sisters, so will you be abroad; and instead of being beloved, you will be disliked and shunned." And another writer says — "In a world so cold and selfish as this, fraternal love, deeply rooted in childhood and nurtured through life, is of unspeakable worth. No amount of parental estate, for which children sometimes contend, can compare in value with it. Better that the largest fortune be sunk in the sea, than that it should become an occasion of alienation between them."

And the more distant members of the family, who are attached to us by the ties of kindred, have somewhat the same claims on us, though in a less degree, as those of brothers and sisters.

~ **LOYALTY.**—There are two kinds of loyalty, both of which are moral duties. One is the personal allegiance of the heart to the Sovereign under whose rule we have been placed by God; and this form of loyalty was well described by a Bengali gentleman in a Calcutta newspaper in the following language:—

"The Hindu's idea of the State is the household vastly enlarged. His sovereign is the father of the people, and the subjects are as children. The idea of a father sovereign seems to be inherent in the native mind, and no amount of occidental civilization can efface it. If we love and revere our Queen-Empress, we can love and revere her only as our mother. No other politics is possible in the East. Before an empty throne of abstract justice, before such a thing as

crowned constitutionalism, our people will not bow. Justice and law must be incarnate in the flesh before the nation can be persuaded to offer the tribute of its loyalty. . . . The very scriptures of the nation favour and foster such views. Both religious teachings and ancient traditions enjoin *rājabhakti*, or loving loyalty to the Sovereign. It is a sin not to love him. It is a virtue and an imperative religious duty to give him the homage of the *bhakti* and allegiance which we give to our parents and *gurus* (spiritual guides)."

And the other form of loyalty is the respect and regard for the Government under whose protection we live, and whom we are bound, as peaceful and orderly citizens, to support to the full extent of our power against evildoers. India being a free country, like every other part of the British Empire, it is permitted to every one freely to express his or her opinion about public measures and the acts of the Government; but the spirit of loyalty will teach us to avoid the imputation of evil motives, as well as all appearance of any desire to injure the Government in the opinion of others.

REVERENCE TO AGE; RESPECT FOR PASTORS, MASTERS, AND BETTERS. — The reverence which we owe to our parents is also due, in a somewhat modified degree, to aged persons generally; and especially to those who have been placed over us by God, such as spiritual guides, teachers, and betters. Solomon speaks of the hoary head of the righteous as "a crown of glory." "Render to all their dues," Paul wrote, "tribute to whom tribute is due; custom to whom custom; fear to whom fear; honour to whom honour." Of the quality of Reverence it has been said: — "The possession of this quality marks the noblest and highest type of manhood and womanhood: reverence for

things consecrated by the homage of generations—for high objects, pure thoughts, and noble aims—for the great men of former times, and the high minded workers amongst our contemporaries. Reverence is alike indispensable to the happiness of individuals, of families, and of nations. Without it there can be no trust, no faith, no confidence, either in man or in God—neither social peace nor social progress. For reverence is but another word for religion, which binds men to each other, and all to God."

COURTESY AND CONSIDERATION FOR OTHERS. - Selfishness and a lack of sympathy will often show themselves in a want of respect for the feelings of others. A kindly, unselfish person will gladly seize any legitimate opportunity of communicating happiness to those around him, even in small things; and he will carefully avoid all risk of giving them unnecessary pain. "Do unto others as you would they should do unto you," has been called the Golden Rule of life. Merely superficial politeness of manner is only valuable as an outward and visible sign of the inward consideration and regard we have for the feelings of others; it should never be neglected by us, but at the same time we should remember that it is worth little, unless accompanied by sincerity. A sincere kindness of heart is the very essence of good manners. One of the most exquisite descriptions of the manners of a true gentleman is that given by Mrs. Hutchinson in speaking of her husband: "I cannot say whether he were more truly magnanimous or less proud; he never disdained the meanest person, nor flattered the greatest; he had a loving and sweet courtesy to the poorest, and would often employ many spare hours with the commonest soldiers and poorest labourers, but still so ordering his familiarity, that it never raised them to

a contempt, but entertained still at the same time a reverence and love of him."

PUBLIC SPIRIT, PATRIOTISM, AND PHILANTHROPY.—Public Spirit is displayed in a willingness to deny oneself, to suffer hardships, and to labour diligently, without the expectation of any fee or reward, for the good of the State or the community to which we belong. As our duty is to care for others more than ourselves, so we ought in a special manner to deny ourselves, when by so doing we can benefit a large number of our neighbours. Every one should ponder what he can do to serve the interests or promote the happiness of the village, or town, or district in which he lives, and also of the country and State to which he belongs. The latter form of Public Spirit is true Patriotism; and the true patriot will not allow his love for his own country to render him unjust to other nations, but will join with Patriotism, Philanthropy, or a general regard for the whole human race.

PITY FOR THE POOR AND HELPLESS.—The unselfishness that leads us to care for others, rather than devote ourselves to our own selfish aims and wishes, has its best and brightest exercise when it induces us to pity and help the poor and the helpless, and those who cannot possibly return our benefits. It is written in the Bible, "Ye do good to them which do good to you, what thank have ye? for sinners also do even the same. And if ye lend to them of whom ye hope to receive, what thank have ye? for sinners also lend to sinners, to receive as much again. But love ye your enemies, and do good, and lend, hoping for nothing again; and your reward shall be great, and ye shall be the children of the Highest, for He is kind unto the unthankful and to the evil."

KINDNESS TO ANIMALS.—The "royal law," or "golden rule"—Do unto others that which ye would they should do unto you—is binding on us in regard to our treatment of animals. Cruelty to animals is in itself wicked, and it depraves the characters of those who indulge the evil tendency, making them brutal in thought and in deed. To starve or ill-treat an animal that is dependent on us, to give it insufficient food, or beat or tease it, is a mean and cowardly action. Solomon wrote, "A righteous man regardeth the life of his beast; but the tender mercies of the wicked are cruel."

THE NATIONAL ANTHEM.

God save our gracious Queen;

Long live our noble Queen;

God save the Queen.

Send her victorious,

Happy and glorious,

Long to reign over us;

God save the Queen.

O Lord, our God! arise:

Confound her enemies;

And make them fall

Bid strife and discord cease—

Commerce and arts increase—

Bearing on wings of Peace

God will to all.

Thy choicest gifts in store

Still on Victoria pour—

Joy, Health, and Fame.

Young faces year by year

Rising her heart to cheer,

Glad voices, far and near,

Blessing her name

Through joy—through sorrow's hour,
 Thou, Lord, her Guiding Power,
 Ever hast been!
 Angels around her way
 Watch, while 'by night and day
 Millions with fervour pray,—
 "God save the Queen."

LOVE OF HOME.

(Translated from the Sanskrit.)

Nor such is even the bliss of heaven
 As that which fills the breasts of men
 To whom, long absent, now 'tis given
 Their country once to see again,
 Their childhood's home, their natal place,
 However poor, or mean, or base.

(Translated from the *Panchatantra*, by DR. JOHN MUIR, C.I.E.)

HOME LIFE.

MAN enters a new world of joy, and sympathy, and human interest, through the porch of love. He enters a new world in his home—the home of his own making—altogether different from the home of his boyhood, where each day brings with it a succession of new joys and experiences. He enters also, it may be, a new world of trials and sorrows, in which he often gathers his best culture and discipline. "Family life," says Sainte-Beuve, "may be full of troubles and cares, but they are fruitful; all others are dry stones." And again: "If a man's home, at a certain period of his life, does not contain children, it will probably be abundantly filled with follies or with vices.

What a happy man must Edmund Burke have been, when he could say of his home, "Every care vanishes the moment I enter under my own roof." And Luther, a man full of human affection, speaking of his wife, said, "I would not exchange my poverty with her for all the riches of Croesus without her." Of marriage, he observed: "The utmost blessing that God can confer on a man is the possession of a good and pious wife, with whom he may live in peace and tranquility—to whom he may confide his whole possessions, even his life and welfare." And again he said, "To rise betimes, and to marry young, are what no man ever repents of doing."

The golden rule of married life is, "Bear and forbear." Marriage, like government, is a series of compromises. One must give and take, refrain and restrain, endure and be patient. One may not be blind to another's failings, but they may at least be borne with good-natured forbearance. Of all qualities, good temper is the one that wears and works the best in married life. Conjoined with self-control, it gives patience—the patience to bear and forbear, to listen without retort, to refrain until the angry flash has passed. How true it is in marriage, that "the soft answer turneth away wrath."—SMITHS.

A SPELL TO PROMOTE CONCORD IN A FAMILY.

(Translated from the Sanskrit.)

Within this house by this my spell
I concord, union, peace create,
That none may more another hate,
But all in love together dwell.
Let these the sons their sire obey,
And he ex their mother's word obey;
Let this fair wife, with aspect bright
And honied words, her lord delight

Let brothers mutual rancour shun,
 Let sister sister kindly treat;
 Let each the rest with accents sweet
 Address, and all in heart be one.

(Translated from the *Alharva-Veda*, by Dr. JOHN MUIR, C.I.E.)

RÁMA'S FILIAL PIETY.

(Translated from the Sanskrit.)

SOON as she saw the darling of her soul,
 As a fond mare who springs to meet her foal,
 To greet her son, unseen so long, she flew,
 And round his neck her tender arms she threw.
 "May all the glories of thy royal line,"
 She cried, with kisses on his brow, "be thine!
 Be wise and mighty like thy sires of old,
 Be good and noble, pious, lofty-souled.
 This day thy father's faithful love is shown:
 This day he sets thee on his ancient throne."

Then answered Ráma, "Dearest lady, know
 That danger threatens, fraught with mighty woe.
 My father's choice this day makes Bharat heir;
 And I must hence to Dundak's wood, and there,
 Living on fruit and honey, hermit's food,
 Pass twice seven dreary years in solitude.

* * * * *

"Forgive me, mother," thus the hero spake,
 "I have no power my sire's command to break.
 See, at thy honoured feet I bend me low:
 Once more forgive me, for I needs must go.
 Not I the first this path of duty tread,
 Of yore 'twas trodden by the mighty dead.
 Now let me hear, dear queen, thy kind farewell;
 But if I go in distant wilds to dwell,

'Tis not for ever, mother, that I leave
 My home and thee. Again thou shalt receive
 Thy son with rapture, all his exile o'er;
 Then be thou comforted and grieve no more."
 "If thou wilt listen to no prayers of mine,
 Go forth," she cried, "thou best of Raghu's line!
 Go forth, my darling, and return with speed,
 And tread the path where noble spirits lead.
 May Virtue ever on thy steps attend,
 And thee, her lover, from all woe defend!
 May all the gods to whom thy vows are paid,
 And all the mighty saints afford their aid.
 Thy filial love and meek obedience arm
 Thy soul, my Râma, like a mystic charm!
 Eternal Scripture and the Law revealed
 To ancient sages be thy trusty shield!
 The sky and ether, earth and wandering air
 Protect thee ever with their fostering care!
 Each lunar mansion be for thee benign:
 With happier light for thee the planets shine!
 Thou shalt not fear, by guardian angels screened,
 The savage giant or night-roving fiend.
 Before thy steps let cruel tigers flee,
 Let bears and lions never injure thee,
 And mighty elephants that wander wild
 Forbear to touch thy life, my noble child.
 May all thy ways be happy! may success
 With golden fruit thy hope and labour bless!
 Loved by all gods around, above, below,
 Go forth, my son, my pride and glory, go!"

Then, on his knees before her, Râma fell,
 Prest her dear feet and said his last farewell;
 And, radiant with the light her blessings lent,
 To Sita's home his anxious steps he bent.

TO MY MOTHER.

AND canst thou, Mother ! for a moment think
 That we, thy children,, when old age shall shed
 Its blanching honours on thy drooping head,
 Could from our best of duties ever shrink ?
 Sooner the sun from his high sphere should sink,
 Than we, ungrateful, leave thee in that day,
 To pine in solitude thy life away,
 Or shun thee, tottering on the grave's cold brink,
 Banish the thought, where'er our steps may roam,
 O'er smiling plains, or wastes without a tree,
 Still will fond memory point our hearts to thee,
 And paint the pleasures of thy peaceful home,
 While duty bids us all thy grief assuage,
 And smooth the pillow of thy sinking age.

THE BACHELOR ONLY HALF A MAN.

(Translated from the Sanskrit.)

A MAN is only half a man, his life
 Is not a whole, until he finds a wife.
 His house is like a graveyard, sad and still,
 Till gleeful children all its chambers fill.

(Translated from the Mahābhārata, by Dr. JOHN MUIR, C.J.E.)

A HOUSE WITHOUT A WIFE IS EMPTY: DESCRIPTION OF A GOOD WIFE.

(Translated from the Sanskrit.)

ALTHOUGH with children bright it teems,
 And full of light and gladness seems,

MY DUTY TOWARD

A man's abode, without a left
 Is empty, lacks its real life
 The housewife makes the
 Of her, a dreary waste 'tis
 That man is truly blest wh
 With ever sympathetic hea
 Shares all his weal and woe
 In all th' events that stir his
 Is filled with joy when he i
 And plunged in grief when
 Laments whene'er his home
 His safe return with joy perce
 With gentle words his anger
 And all her tasks with love fi

(Translated from the *Mahābhārata*, by D

PRAISE OF WOMEN

(Translated from the *Sanskrit* in;

Our love these sweetly-speaking wh
 When men are all alone, compa
 In duty wise to judge and guide
 Kind tender mothers in distress an
 The wife is half the man, his pric
 Of pleasure, virtue, wealth, his co
 A help and stay along his earthly
 Through life unchanging, yea, beyo

(Translated from the *Mahābhārata*, by Dr. I

THE STORK.

As Storks live to a very great age, their li
 their feathers fall off, and they are not able
 their food, or for their safety. Being birds of pas

are under acquaintance; for they are not able to remove themselves one country to another at the usual season. At this is said, their young ones assist them, covering their wings, and nourishing them with the warm bodies.

They even in food in their beaks, and carry them from place on their backs, or support them with their wings. In this manner they return, as much as lies in their power, the care which was bestowed on them when they were in the nest. This is a striking example of filial duty by instinct, from which reason itself needs need to take example.

"Honour thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long in the land: this is the Lord thy God's commandment." Among the least offence against a parent was punished in exemplary manner.

Certainly, we can be more just or proper than that we should pour, and succour those who are the very authors of our being, and to whose tender care, under Heaven, we owe the continuance of it during the helpless state of our

Love, and all good offices, are what we owe to all mankind; who omits them is guilty of neglect of duty. To parents, however, more, and much more, than all this; and when we are serving them, we ought to rest, whatever difficulties we go through for their sake, not do more for them than they have done for us; that there is no chance of our over-paying the vast debt which they have laid us under.

A MOTHER'S LOVE.

(FOUNDED ON FACT.)

THE mother had undressed her child,
At close of summer's day;
And laid him in his frolic wild,
Down at the door to play.
And then, on household work intent,
She left him to his joy;
And blessed his laughter innocent,
And blessed her darling boy.

An eagle in the zenith hung
And watched the babe's bright eyes
Then sudden stooped and fiercely sprung
Upon the beauteous prize.
He seized him by a girdle tied
Around him loose and free;
See how they mount and how they ride
O'er land and stormy sea!

Awhile he hangs, then speeds his flight
Swift as the lightning's wing,
And now upon the sea-rocks' height
Stands the proud feathered king.
And here he drops the astonished child
And fids his wild race brood;
The rock is the nest is wild, and he
And with bones is strewn our p

She comes! she comes! the pathless
Cannot her flight deter;
She flies, she flies, for the angels keep
And the road is smooth for her.

A shepherd had watched the eagle's way
 And told the mother the spot :
 To Heaven she cried, and did wildly pray,
 For mortal could serve her not.

But rapid as light o'er the precipice height,
 And cavern and cliff and hollow,
 Like an angel she flew, with a footstep tried,
 Where the bravest could not follow :
 On, on she flew, and her fire-bright eyes
 Are fixed on the babe meanwhile ;
 He knoweth her well, and his heart doth swell
 And his lips begin to smile.

She is quivering now on the precipice brow,
 She hath reached the eagle's nest ;
 The wild bird screams, and the lightning gleams
 But the baby is on her breast.
 She stayed not to look, but her course she took
 All down that perilous road ;
 For the Seraphim fleet directed her feet,
 And the lightning her pathway showed.

Oh ! a mother's love is the mightiest thing
 That our sinful earth may boast ;
 It is swifter by far than the lightning's wing,
 And strong as an angel host.
 She is safe, she is safe, and her rescued dove
 Will be dreaming sweet dreams ere long,
 Of a ride above and an angel of love.
 Oh ! an angel swift and strong !

RAMA AND SITA: OR, CONJUGAL LOVE.

THE wife alone her husband's fate must share,
 And in thy trouble I my part will bear.
 For not on father, mother, son, or friend,
 But on her husband, must the wife depend.
 And, if thou seek the wood, thy wife has sworn
 To smoothe thy path, nor let thy feet be torn.
 No guile is in me: from thy bosom throw
 The dregs of doubt, and give me leave to go.
 I spurn the terrace and the pleasant seat:
 Mine be the joy to guard thy cherisht feet
 Obedient ever to my parents' sway,
 I will not hearken if they bid me stay.
 I will go forth, the lonely wood to roam,
 The lion's dwelling and the tiger's home.
 Happy and heedless, from all terror free,
 Careless of empire, caring but for thee.
 With thee, delighted, will I wander where
 Blooms, dropping honey, scent the woodland air.
 Obeying thee and keeping still my vow
 I will not tremble by thy side, for thou
 Wouldst keep a stranger safe, and, sure, thine arm
 Will guard thy Sita from all fear of harm.
 I will not be a charge to thee: sweet fruits
 The trees will yield me, and the earth her roots.
 I will go first and, treading down the grass,
 Make the way pleasant for my love to pass;
 On the soft turf disclose my gathered store,
 And sit and banquet when thy meal is o'er.
 O, how I long, dear lord, to gaze my fill,
 Guarded by thee, on lake, and wood, and hill;
 See the red lilies in their native springs,
 And gay flamingoes with their rosy wings

And o'er my limbs those pleasant waters poured
 Shall banish languor, O my large-eyed lord
 A thousand years would seem a single day
 If spent with thee, but, were my love away,
 Heaven would not charm me: O, be sure of this,
 Without my love there is no heaven, no bliss."

Lost in deep thought awhile the hero stood,
 And feared to lead her to the lonely wood.
 With soothing words he strove her tears to dry,
 And gently answered with a moistened eye,
 "O virtuous daughter of a noble line,
 To hear my words thy tender heart incline:
 Here, dutious ever, still in peace remain;
 Life in the woods is naught but grief and pain.
 There roars the lion in his rocky cave,
 Loud as the torrents down the hill that rave.
 There savage beasts in horrid ambush lie,
 And rend the heedless wretch who passes by.
 Floods, where the crocodile delights to play,
 And furious elephants, the eye dismay.
 Then on the gale the wolf's long howl is borne
 Through a wide wilderness of sand and thorn.
 On the cold ground or on a scanty heap
 Of gathered leaves the homeless wretch must sleep,
 And stay his hunger with what fruit the blast
 Hurls from the branches for his sad repast.
 A coat of bark or skin his only wear,
 Rough and untrimmed must be his matted hair.
 Now on a snake the heedless foot will fall,
 Now in thy path a deadly scorpion crawl,
 And slimy reptiles creeping from the lake,
 And clouds of gnats, thy troubled slumber break.
 Enough, dear love; the wood is full of fear
 Remain, my Sita, and be happy here."

Then Sita spoke once more with weeping eyes,
 Her voice half mastered by her sobs and sighs ;
 "The woe, the terror, all the toil and pain,
 Joined with thy love, to me are joy and gain
 Lion and tiger, elephant and boar,
 And all the monsters thou hast counted o'er,
 Soon as my Râma's glorious form they see,
 In trembling fear will turn away and flee.
 Not Indra's self, the ruler of the sky,
 Would dare to harm me when my lord is nigh.
 Long years ago I heard a sage foretell
 That in the woods should be my fate to dwell :
 The time is come : now make that promise true,
 And when thou goest take thy Sita too.
 O, let me go ; whate'er I may endure,
 Following thee, will make my soul more pure :
 So joy shall crown me in the after life,
 For thou art God unto thy loving wife.
 Hear the high truth which saintly priests declare :
 The after life rejoins the wedded pair.
 But if thou wilt to no creature's bend,
 Poison or flood or flame my life shall end :
 • Fear not for me : when by thy side I go
 My happy feet will never weary grow.
 Though wild and rough the thorny ways I tread,
 They shall feel softer than a silken bed.
 When the wild wind with dust my raiment dries,
 • I'll call it perfume to refresh my limbs.
 And when with thee in grassy glades I lie,
 Watching the landscape with delighted eye,
 Till, by thy side, I gently sink to rest,
 What thing on earth shall be so richly blest ?
 The fruit thy dear hand gives me there to eat,
 Little or much, shall be, like amrit, sweet.
 Ne'er will I murmur at my lot, or grieve
 For mother, father, or the home I leave.

My food shall be wild fruit, the flower, the weed :
 I will not vex thee by a word or deed.
 With thee is heaven, where'er thou art not, hell ;
 O, lead me hence that I in heaven may dwell."
 Then with a bitter cry her arms she flung
 Round Râma's neck, and there in anguish clung :
 While from her eyes pure floods, as from a pair
 Of lotuses, poured down at every prayer.

He gently held her, raised her drooping head,
 And staid the sweet soul that had well-nigh fled :
 " Not heaven shall bribe me from my wife to part,
 I knew not, love, the strength of thy fond heart ;
 And hence in doubt thy prayer I first denied,
 Though naught can harm thee by thy Râma's side.
 Yea, thou wast formed by heaven to share my fate,
 To soothe my sorrows and divide their weight.
 As powerless I to leave my love behind,
 As a high saint his pity for mankind."
 And now my duty leads me far away :
 My sire commands it, and I must obey.
 Whate'er the order that thy parents give,
 I yield obedience, or must cease to live.
 No, Sita, not the sacrificial blaze,
 True heart, or liberal hand, or lip of praise,
 Will with such lasting joy the spirit fill
 As glad obedience to a father's will.
 Come to the wood and aid my duties there,
 But first at home thy helping hand prepare.
 Arise, dear wife, nor let thy steps be slow,
 Scatter our treasures quickly ere we go.
 Bring forth thy corn and oil the poor to feast,
 Give gold and jewels to each white-robed priest ;
 Gems and rich raiment, all thou hast beside,
 Among thy maidens and the men divide."

Translated from the *Râmâyana*, by R. T. IL. GRIFFITH, M.A.)

RARE VIRTUES.—When Dr. Abbott, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury, drew the character of his deceased friend Thomas Sackville, he did not dwell upon his merits as a statesman, or his genius as a poet, but upon his virtues as a man in relation to the ordinary duties of life. “How many rare things were in him!” said he. “Who more loving unto his wife?—who more kind unto his children?—who more fast unto his friend?—who more moderate unto his enemy?—who more true to his word?” Indeed, we can always better understand and appreciate a man’s real character by the manner in which he conducts himself towards those who are the most nearly related to him, and by his transaction of seemingly common place details of daily duty, than by his public exhibition of himself as an author, an orator, or a statesman.—SMILLS.

RAMA AND LAKSHMAN; OR, FRATERNAL LOVE.

THEN Lakshman’s eyes with generous tears o’erflowed
As his breast laboured with its grievous load.
He with fond touch his brother’s feet caress’d,
And thus the hero and his wife address:
“Is such the purpose of thy changeless mind?
I with my trusty bow will walk behind.
Thy distant way through forest-wilds will lead,
Where many a bird and gallant stag may bleed.”
I would not leave thee to arise a god,
Though heaven and earth and hell obeyed my nod.”
“Dear as my life, my good and faithful friend,
Mine own dear brother,” Rama cried, “attend.
Then were Sumitra of her hope bereft,
And sad Kaushalya with no guardian left.
He who rains gifts, as Indra rains above,
Lies a poor captive in the snare of love;

And she, proud captor, now a queen indeed,
Will reckon but little of her rival's need.
Thine be the sacred duty to protect
Our honoured mothers from the queen's neglect."

"O Rāma, fear not:" Lakshman thus replied:

"In Bharat's love and Bharat's care confide.
If through his crime the kingdom suffer ill,
My vengeful hand the traitor's blood shall spill.
Yea, though auxiliar worlds were ranged in aid,
They should not save him: be not thou afraid:
For queen Kausalya, from her ample stores,
Can raise a host like me to guard her doors:
Her thousand hamlets, rich with golden grain,
Will keep her nobly and a regal train.

Turn me not back: allow the earnest claim
Which all will own, and hardly thou canst blame.
I shall rejoice, and thou wilt fain confess

Thy brother's presence makes thy labour less.
For in my hand I'll bear my shafts and bow,
A spade and basket o'er my shoulder throw,
I'll go before thee, and with watchful care
The way for Sita and for thee prepare.
I'll fetch thee roots and berries, ripe and sweet,
And the best fruits the gentle hermits eat.
Thou shalt with Sita on the slopes recline,
And all the labour shall be only mine."

And Rāma answered, joying at his speech;
"Then seek thy friends, and bid farewell to each;
And those two bows of heavenly fabric bring
Which ocean's lord erst gave Videha's king;
Those death-fraught quivers, coats of steel-proof mail,
And swords whose flashes make the sunbeams pale."

(Translated from the *Rāmāyana*, by R. T. H. GRIFFITH, M.A.)

DO NOT TO OTHERS WHAT THOU WOULDST
NOT HAVE DONE TO THEM.

(Translated from the Sanskrit.)

HEAR virtue's sum embraced in one
Brief maxim—lay it well to heart—
Ne'er do to others what, if done
To thee, would cause thee inward smart.

(Translated from the *Tantralatra*, by DR. JOHN MUIR, C.I.E.)

THE DANGER OF KEEPING BAD COMPANY.

THE danger of keeping bad company arises principally from our aptness to imitate and catch the manners and sentiments of others. In our earliest youth the contagion of manners is observable. In the boy, yet incapable of having any learning instilled into him, we easily discover, from his first actions, and rude attempts at language, the kind of persons with whom he has been brought up: we see the early spring of a civilised education or the first wild shoots of rusticity.

As he enters further into life, his behaviour, manners, and conversation, all take their cast from the company he keeps. Observe the peasant, and the man of education: the difference is striking. And yet God has bestowed equal talents on each; the only difference is, they have been thrown in different scenes of life, and have had commerce with persons of different stations.

Nor are manners and behaviour more easily caught than opinions and principles. In childhood and youth we naturally adopt the sentiments of those about us; and as we advance in life, how few of us think for ourselves! how

many of us are satisfied with taking our opinions at second hand !

The great power of custom forms another argument against keeping bad company. However shocked we may be at the first approaches of vice, this shocking appearance goes off upon an intimacy with it. Custom will soon render the most disgusting object familiar to our view : and this is indeed a kind provision of nature, to render labour, and toil, and danger, which are the lot of man, more easy to him. The raw soldier, who trembles at the first encounter, becomes a hardy veteran in a few campaigns. Habit renders danger familiar, and of course indifferent to him.

But habit, which is intended for our good, may, like other kind appointments of Nature, be converted into a mischief. The well-disposed youth, entering first into bad company, is shocked at what he sees and what he hears. The good principles, which he had imbibed, ring in his ears an alarming lesson against the wickedness of his companion. But alas ! this sensibility is of only a day's continuance. The next jovial meeting makes the horrid picture of yesterday more easily endured. Virtue is soon thought a severe rule, an inconvenient restraint ; a few pangs of conscience now and then whisper to him that he once had better thoughts : but even these by degrees die away, and he who at first was shocked at even the appearance of vice, is formed by custom into a prodigal leader of vicious pleasures.

So carefully should we oppose the first approaches of sin ! So vigilant should we be against so insidious an enemy !—GILPIN.

THE NIGHTINGALE AND THE GLOWWORM

A NIGHTINGALE, that all day long
 Had cheered the village with his song,
 Nor yet at eve his note suspended,
 Nor yet when eventide was ended,
 Began to feel, as well he might,
 The keen demands of appetite;
 When, looking eagerly around,
 He spied, far off, upon the ground,
 A something shining in the dark,
 And knew the glowworm by his spark.
 So, stooping down from hawthorn top
 He thought to put him in his crop.
 The worm, aware of his intent,
 Harangued him thus, right eloquent.—

“Did you admire my lamp,” quoth he,
 “As much as I your minstrelsy,
 You would abhor to do me wrong,
 As much as I to spoil your song;
 For, ’twas the selfsame Power divine
 Taught you to sing, and me to shine;
 That you with music, I with light,
 Might beautify and cheer the night.”

The songster heard his short oration,
 And, warbling out his approbation
 Released him, as my story tells,
 And found a supper somewhere else.

Quarrelsome neighbours hence may learn
 Their real interest to discern:
 That brother should not war with brother,
 And worry and devour each other;
 But sing and shine by sweet consent,
 Till life's poor fleeting night is spent.

• GAY.

GOOD COMPANY

Translated from the Tamil.

HAPPY the eyes that on the pious rest,
The ears that hear their useful words are bless'd,
And bless'd the lips that all their virtues tell;
More happy they, their character who wear,
Their friendship gain, their reputation share,
Their sacred paths frequent, and with them dwell.

The very sight of wicked men is ill,
Their graceless words the ear with evil fill,
The lips with risk their attributes portray,
And 'tis the height of self-inflicted wrong
To mingle with their sin-infectious throng,
Attend their cursed steps, and with them stay.

(Translated from the *Muthuray of Ouray*, by E. I. ROBINSON.)

THE ORPHAN CHILDREN.

I REACH'D the village on the plain,
Just when the setting sun's last ray
Shone blazing on the golden vane
Of the old church across the way.
Across the way alone I sped,
And climb'd the stile, and sat me there,
To think in silence on the dead
Who in the churchyard sleeping were.
There many a long, low grave I view'd
Where toil and want in quiet lie;
And costly slabs amongst them stood
That bore the names of rich and high.

One new-made mound I saw close by,
 O'er which the grasses hardly crept,
 Where, looking forth with listless eye,
 Two ragged children sat and wept.
 A piece of bread between them lay,
 Which neither seem'd as it could take ;
 And yet so worn and white were they
 With want, it made my bosom ache,
 I look'd a while, and said at last,
 "Why in such sorrow sit you here ?
 And why the food you leave and waste
 Which your own hungry well might cheer ?"

The boy rose instant to his feet,
 And said with gentle, eager haste,
 "Lady, we've not enough to eat :
 O if we had, we should not waste !

"But sister Mary's naughty grown,
 And will not eat, whate'er I say ;
 Though sure I am the bread's her own.
 For she has tasted none to-day !"

"Indeed," the poor starved Mary said,
 "Till Henry eats, I'll eat no more ;
 For yesterday I had some bread ;
 He's had none since the day before."

My heart with pity swell'd so high,
 I could not speak a single word ;
 Yet the boy straightway made reply,
 As if my inward wish he heard

"Before our father went away, . . .
 By bad men tempted o'er the sea,
 Sister and I did nought but play ;—
 We lived beside yon great ash-tree.

" But then poor mother did so cry,
And look'd so changed, I cannot tell !
She told us that she soon should die,
And bade us love each other well.

" She said that when the war was o'er,
Perhaps our father we might see :
But if we never saw him more,
That God would then our father be."

" She kiss'd us both, and then she died,
And then they put her in the grave :
There many a day we've sat and cried,
That we no more a mother have.

" But when our father came not here,
I thought if we could find the sea
We should be sure to meet him there,
And once again might happy be.

" So hand-in hand for many a mile,
And many a long, long day, we went :
Some sigh'd to see, some 'turn'd to smile,
And 'ed us when our stock was spent.

" But when we reach'd the sea, and found
'Twas one great flood before us spread,
We thought that father must be drown'd,
And cried, and wish'd we too were dead.

" So we came back to mother's grave,
And only long with her to be :
For Goody, when this bread she gave,
Said father died beyond the sea.

" So, since no parent we have here,
We'll go and search for God around—
Pray, Lady, can you tell us where
That God, our Father, may be found ?

"He lives in heaven, mother said :
 And Goody says that mother's there :
 But though we've walk'd, and search'd, and pray'd,
 We cannot find them anywhere !"

I clasp'd the prattlers in my arms,
 I cried, "Come, both, and live with me !
 I'll clothe and feed you, safe from harms—
 Your second mother I will be."

"Till you to your own mother's side
 He in his own good time may call,
 With Him for ever to abide
 Who is the Father of us all !"

ANON.

MEN CENSORIOUS TOWARDS OTHERS, AND BLIND TO THEIR OWN FAULTS

(Translated from the Sanskrit.)

MEN soon the faults of others learn
 A few their virtues to find out.
 But is there one—I have a doubt;—
 Who can his own defects discern ?

(Translated from the *Subhash. tarna*, by DR. JOHN MUIR, C.I.E.)

"WHY BEHOLDEST THOU THE MOTE WHICH IS IN THY BROTHER'S EYE."

(Translated from the Sanskrit.)

THOU mark'st the faults of other men,
 Although as mustard seeds minute ;
 Thine own escape thy partial ken,
 Though each in size a Bilva* fruit.

(Translated from the *Mahabharata*, by DR. JOHN MUIR, C.I.E.)

* The Bilva is the Bel or Aegle Marmelos.

SELF-EXALTATION AND CENSURE OF OTHERS CONDEMNED.

(Translated from the Sanskrit.)

HIMSELF in men's esteem to raise
On other's faults let no one dwell ;
But rather let a man excel
All other men in doing well,
And thus command the need of praise.
Oft worthless men, in blind conceit,
Their own superior merits vaunt,
And better men with failings taunt :
Reproof themselves with scorn they meet.

By blameless acts alone the wise,—
Although they ne'er themselves exalt,
Not yet with other men find fault,—
To high esteem and honour rise.
The odour sweet of virtuous deeds
Though voiceless, far and wide will fly :
To tell his presence in the sky
The noonday sun no herald needs.

By self-applause a fool in vain
From others seek renown to gain ;
A wise man's merits, long concealed,
At last are surely all revealed.

(Translated from the Mahābhārata, by DR. JOHN MUIR, C.I.E.)

THE USEFULNESS OF THE LOWER ANIMALS TO MAN.

ALL things that the Beneficent Creator has produced upon our globe are admirably connected with one another, so as to contribute to their mutual preservation. The

earth itself, with its rocks and sands, its ores and its salts, owes its origin and continuance to the elements. The trees, plants, herbs, and all the vegetables, draw their subsistence from the earth: while the animals, in their turn, feed upon the vegetables. The earth gives nourishment to the plant; the plant is food for the insect, the insect for the bird, the bird for wild beasts; and, in rotation the wild beasts become the prey of the vulture, the vulture of the insect, the insect of the plant, and the plant of the earth. Even man, who endeavours to turn all these things to his own use, becomes himself their prey.

Such is the circle in which all things here take their course, that all beings were created for one another. Tigers, lynxes, bears, and a number of other animals, provide us with skins and furs to cover us; dogs pursue the hare and the stag, to furnish our tables; the terrier drives the rabbit from its deepest recesses into our snares; the horse, the elephant, and the camel are trained to carry burdens, and the ox to draw the plough; the cow gives us milk, the sheep its wool; the reindeer make the sledges fly over snow and ice; the hawk serves us in fowling, and the hen gives us eggs; the cock wakes us early in the morning, and the lark amuses us with its song in the daytime; the whistling note of the blackbird is heard from morning till evening, and then the melodious warbling of the nightingale is charming to the ear. The sporting lambs, the playful calf, the innocent doves, and the stately plumage of the peacock give pleasure to the sight; the silkworm spins its web to clothe us; the bees collect with care the honey we find so useful; even the sea continually throws upon its shores crawfish, lobsters, oysters, and all sorts of shell-fish for our wonder: the glowworm shines in the midst of darkness, to give light.

If we observe the different occupations of man, we shall find that they also tend to this same end, which Nature

purposed. The sailor braves the dangers of the seas and storms to convey merchandises which does not belong to him to its destined place; the ploughman sows and reaps grain, of which he consumes but little himself. Thus, we do not live for ourselves only; for the wise Author of Nature has so ordained, that all beings should be useful to one another.

Let us learn hence our mutual duties. The strong should assist the weak; the well-informed should assist with his advice those who want it; the learned should instruct the ignorant; indeed, we should love our neighbour as ourselves, and thus fulfil the designs of the Creator. The mutual offices men owe to one another have occasioned them to form themselves into societies. What divided force could not accomplish is easily executed by united strength. No man could erect a stately building or palace without assistance. One person alone could not lay the foundation, dig the cellars, make and burn the bricks, raise the walls, put on the roof, furnish the windows with glass, and decorate the apartments; but all this is done with ease when different workmen assist one another.

Even things which appear to us of so little importance that we scarce deign to look at them, all contribute to make us happy. The very insects, we so much despise, are useful to us. May it teach us to value as we ought the goodness of our merciful Father, and to be sensible of our own happiness!

STORM.





CHAPTER VI.

MY DUTY TOWARDS OTHERS.

(Continued.)

BENEVOLENCE and CHARITY; CHEERFULNESS and GOOD TEMPER; MAGNANIMITY, GENEROSITY, or DISINTERESTEDNESS; TRUTHFULNESS; JUSTICE, and INTEGRITY or HONESTY; GOOD FAITH, CANDOUR, and SINCERITY; GRATITUDE.

BENEVOLENCE and CHARITY.—That love of others in preference to ourselves, of which I have spoken in the last chapter in regard to our duties in various relations of life, is a virtue that we should cultivate at all times and under all circumstances; it is then broadly called benevolence. In the Bible it is written: "A new commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another." Benevolence literally means wishing well to others; and if we love one another, we shall naturally wish well to each other, and desire to do each other good, to relieve each other's sufferings, to assuage each other's sorrows, and to increase each other's happiness. In this way the rich are able to help the poor, the healthy nurse the sick, the fortunate succour and comfort the unfortunate and the distressed; and the sum of human happiness,

is vastly increased, and the total of human misery is proportionately diminished. The Persian proverb says "Charity is the salt of riches." And benevolence should not consist in words alone. The Telugu proverb says, "Sweet words, empty hands avail nothing;" and there is a Bengali proverb to the same effect: "Words will not soften the rice."

In the exercise of charity generally, and especially in the giving of gifts to those who are in want, we are bound to use discretion, to take care that our charity does not demoralise the recipients, encourage idleness or foster vice; for in the latter case, the gifts would do more harm than good. Still, "thou shalt not harden thine heart, nor shut thine hand, from thy poor brother." King David wrote, "Blessed is he that considereth the poor; the Lord will deliver him in time of trouble," and in another place, "Defend the poor and fatherless; do justice to the afflicted and needy." The cordiality and the graciousness with which a gift is given is of more account than its intrinsic value. In the Bible, the widow who gave a mite (the smallest coin in use), which was all she had, is said to have given more than all the rich men, who gave large sums out of their abundance. An Afghan proverb says, "If it be only an onion, let it be given graciously;" and the Turks say that "vinegar, when given with the heart, is sweeter than honey." And a Telugu author observes, "If you consider your possession as your own, fools alone will agree with you; that alone is yours which you have bestowed on others."

CHEERFULNESS and GOOD TEMPER.—He who possesses a cheerful mind, says the Sanskrit proverb, possesses all things; and as cheerfulness is the source of the greatest happiness in ourselves, so is good temper that which renders us most agreeable to those around us.

An eminent writer has well observed—

"The true basis of cheerfulness is love, hope, and patience. Love evokes love, and begets lovingkindness. Love cherishes hopeful and generous thoughts of others. It is charitable, gentle, and truthful. It is a discernor of good. It turns to the brightest side of things, and its face is ever directed towards happiness. It sees "the glory in the grass, the sunshine on the flower." It encourages happy thoughts, and lives in an atmosphere of cheerfulness. It costs nothing, and yet is invaluable; for it blesses its possessor, and grows up in abundant happiness in the bosoms of others. Even its sorrows are linked with pleasures, and its very tears are sweet."

One of the secrets of Lord Palmerston's great influence over his contemporaries was his unfailing good-humour and cheerfulness; and Mr. Gladstone, when describing the many admirable qualities of that statesman in the House of Commons on the occasion of his death, said that "Lord Palmerston had a nature incapable of enduring anger or any sentiment of wrath." The characteristics and the advantages of a cheerful habit of mind have been well described by Addison, in a paper which I will now quote at length.

CHEERFULNESS.

AN ESSAY, BY ADDISON.

I HAVE always preferred cheerfulness to mirth. The latter I consider as an act, the former as a habit of the mind. Mirth is short and transient, cheerfulness fixed and permanent. Those are often raised into the greatest transports of mirth, who are subject to the greatest depressions of melancholy. On the contrary, cheerfulness, though it does not give the mind such an exquisite gladness, prevents us from falling into any depths of sorrow. Mirth

a flash of lightning, that breaks through a gloom of clouds, and glitters for a moment; cheerfulness keeps up a kind of day-light in the mind, and fills it with a steady and perpetual serenity.

Men of austere principles look upon mirth as too wanton and dissolute for a state of probation, and as filled with a certain triumph and insolence of heart that is inconsistent with a life which is every moment obnoxious* to the greatest dangers.

Cheerfulness of mind is not liable to any of these exceptions; it is of a serious and composed nature; it does not throw the mind into a condition improper for the present state of humanity, and is very conspicuous in the characters of those who are looked upon as the greatest philosophers among the heathens, as well as among those who have been deservedly esteemed as saints and holy men among Christians.

If we consider cheerfulness in three lights, with regard to ourselves, to those we converse with, and to the great Author of our being, it will not a little recommend itself on each of these accounts. The man who is possessed of this excellent frame of mind, is not only easy in his thoughts, but a perfect master of all the powers and faculties of his soul. His imagination is always clear, and his judgment undisturbed; his temper is even and unruddied, whether in action or in solitude. He comes with relish to all those goods which nature has provided for him, tastes all the pleasures of the creation which are poured about him, and does not feel the full weight of those accidental evils which may befall him.

If we consider him in relation to the persons whom he

* *Obnoxious* is derived from a Latin word meaning *liable of subject* (to punishment or hurt). It is here used in this its original meaning; but in modern English it is more frequently used in the sense of *blame-worthy* or *offensive*.

converses with, it naturally produces love and goodwill towards him. A cheerful mind is not only disposed to be affable and obliging; but raises the same good humour in those who come within its influence. A man finds himself pleased, he does not know why, with the cheerfulness of his companion. It is like a sudden sunshine that awakens a secret delight in the mind, without her attending to it. The heart rejoices of its own accord, and naturally flows out into friendship and benevolence towards the person who has so kindly an effect upon it.

When I consider this cheerful state of mind in its third relation, I cannot but look upon it as a constant habitual gratitude to the great Author of nature. An inward cheerfulness is an implicit praise and thanksgiving to Providence under all its dispensations. It is a kind of acquiescence in the state wherein we are placed, and a secret approbation of the Divine Will in His conduct towards man.

There are but two things which, in my opinion, can reasonably deprive us of this cheerfulness of heart. The first of these is the sense of guilt. A man who lives in a state of vice and impenitence, can have no title to that evenness and tranquility of mind which is the health of the soul, and the natural effect of virtue and innocence. Cheerfulness in an ill man deserves a harder name than language can furnish us with, and is many degrees beyond what we commonly call folly or madness.

Atheism, by which I mean a disbelief of a Supreme Being, and consequently of a future state, under whatsoever titles it shelter itself, may likewise very reasonably deprive a man of this cheerfulness of temper. There is something so particularly gloomy and offensive to human nature in the prospect of non-existence, that I cannot but wonder, with many excellent writers, how it is possible for a man to outlive the expectation of it. For my own part, I think the being of a God is so little to be doubted, that it is almost

the only truth we are sure of; and such a truth as we meet with in every object, in every occurrence, and in every thought. If we look into the characters of this tribe of infidels, we generally find they are made up of pride, spleen, and cavil. It is indeed no wonder that men who are uneasy to themselves should be so to the rest of the world; and how is it possible for a man to be otherwise than uneasy in himself, who is in danger every moment of losing his entire existence, and dropping into nothing?

The vicious man and the atheist have therefore no pretence to cheerfulness, and would act very unreasonably should they endeavour, after it. It is impossible for any one to live in good humour, and enjoy his present existence, who is apprehensive either of torment or of annihilation; of being miserable, or of not being at all.

After having mentioned these two great principles, which are destructive of cheerfulness in their own nature, as well as in right reason, I cannot think of any other that ought to banish this happy temper from a virtuous mind. Pain and sickness, shame and reproach, poverty and old age, nay, death itself, considering the shortness of their duration, and the advantage we may reap from them, do not deserve the name of evils. A good mind may bear up under them with fortitude, with indolence,¹ and with cheerfulness of heart. The tossing of a tempest does not discompose him, which he is sure will bring him to a joyful harbor.

A man who uses his best endeavours to live according to the dictates of virtue and right reason, has two perpetual sources of cheerfulness, in the consideration of his own nature, and of that Being on whom he has a de-

¹ *Indolence* is derived from a Latin word meaning *freedom from pain or sorrow*, and is here used in this sense. In the English of the present day, it never has this meaning; it now means *a love of ease*, or *dislike of activity*.

pendence. If he looks into himself, he cannot but rejoice in that existence which is so lately bestowed upon him, and which, after millions of ages, will be still new, and still in its beginning. How many self-congratulations naturally arise in the mind, when it reflects on this its entrance into eternity, when it takes a view of those faculties, which in a few years, and even at its first setting out, have made so considerable a progress, and which will still be receiving an increase of perfection and consequently ~~an increase of happiness~~! The consciousness of such a being spreads a perpetual diffusion of joy through the soul of a virtuous man, and makes him look upon himself every moment as more happy than he knows how to conceive.

The second source of cheerfulness to a good mind is the consideration of that Being on whom we have our dependence, and in whom, though we behold Him as yet but in the first faint discoveries of His perfections, we see everything that we can imagine as great, glorious, or amiable. We find ourselves everywhere upheld by His goodness, and surrounded with an immensity of love and mercy. In short, we depend upon a Being whose power qualifies Him to make us happy by an infinity of means, whose goodness and truth engage Him to make those happy, who desire it of Him, and whose unchangeableness will secure us in this happiness to all eternity.

Such considerations, which every one should perpetually cherish in his thoughts, will banish from us all that secret heaviness of heart which unthinking men are subject to when they lie under no real affliction; all that anguish which we may feel from any evil that actually oppresses us, to which I may likewise add those little cracklings of mirth and folly that are apter to betray virtue than support it; and establish in us such an even and cheerful temper, as makes us pleasing to ourselves, to those with whom we converse, and to Him whom we were made to please.

The same subject continued.

IN my last paper I spoke of cheerfulness as it is a moral habit of the mind, and accordingly mentioned such moral motives as are apt to cherish and keep alive this happy temper in the soul of man : I shall now consider cheerfulness in its natural state and reflect on those motives to it which are indifferent either as to virtue or vice.

Cheerfulness is, in the first place, the best promoter of health. Repinings, and secret murmurs of heart, give imperceptible strokes to those delicate fibres of which the vital parts are composed, and wear out the machine insensibly ; not to mention those violent ferments which they stir up in the blood, and those irregular disturbed motions which they raise in the animal spirits. I scarce remember in my own observation to have met with many old men, or with such, who (to use our English phrase) wear well, that had not at least a certain indolence in their humour, if not a more than ordinary gaiety and cheerfulness of heart. The truth of it is, health and cheerfulness mutually beget each other ; with this difference, that we seldom meet with a great degree of health which is not attended with a certain cheerfulness, but very often see cheerfulness where there is no great degree of health.

Cheerfulness bears the same friendly regard to the mind as to the body. It banishes all anxious care and discontent, soothes and composes the passions, and keeps the soul in a perpetual calm. But having already touched on this last consideration, I shall here take notice, that the world in which we are placed is filled with innumerable objects that are proper to raise and keep alive this happy temper of mind.

If we consider the world in its subserviency to man, one would think it was made for our use ; but if we consider it

in its natural beauty and harmony, one would be apt to conclude it was made for our pleasure. The sun, which is as the great soul of the universe, and produces all the necessities of life, has a particular influence in cheering the mind of man, and making the heart glad.

Those several living creatures which are made for our service or sustenance, at the same time either fill the woods with their music, furnish us with game, or raise pleasing ideas in us by the delightfulness of their appearance. Mountains, lakes, and rivers, are as refreshing to the imagination as to the soil through which they pass.

There are writers of great distinction, who have made it an argument for Providence, that the whole earth is covered with green rather than with any other colour, as being such a right mixture of light and shade, that it comforts and strengthens the eye, instead of weakening or grieving it. For this reason several painters have a green cloth hanging near them, to ease the eye upon, after too great an application to their colouring. A famous modern philosopher accounts for it in the following manner:—All colours that are more luminous, overpower and dissipate the animal spirits which are employed in sight; on the contrary, those that are more obscure do not give the animal spirits a sufficient exercise; whereas the rays that produce in us the idea of green, fall upon the eye in such a due proportion that they give the animal spirits their proper play, and, by keeping up the struggle in a just balance, excite a very pleasing and agreeable sensation. Let the cause be what it will, the effect is certain; for which reason, the poets ascribe to this particular colour the epithet of cheerful.

To consider further, this double end in the works of nature, and how they are at the same time both useful and entertaining, we find that the most important parts in the

✓ Sir Isaac Newton.

vegetable world are those which are the most beautiful. These are the seeds by which the several races of plants are propagated, and continued, and which are always lodged in flowers or blossoms. Nature seems to hide her principal design, and to be industrious in making the earth gay and delightful, while she is carrying on her great work, and intent upon her own preservation. The husbandman, after the same manner, is employed in laying out the whole country into a kind of garden or landscape, and making everything smile about him, whilst in reality he thinks of nothing but of the harvest, and the increase which is to arise from it.

We may further observe how Providence has taken care to keep up this cheerfulness in the mind of man, by having formed it after such a manner, as to make it capable of conceiving delight from several objects which seem to have very little use in them: as from the wildness of rocks and deserts, and the like grotesque¹ parts of nature. Those who are versed in philosophy may still carry this consideration higher, by observing, that if matter had appeared to us endowed only with those real qualities, which it actually possesses, it would have made but a very joyless and uncomfortable figure: and why has Providence given it a power of producing in us such imaginary qualities, as tastes and colours, sounds and smells, heat and cold, but that man, while he is conversant in the lower stations of nature, might have his mind cheered and delighted with agreeable sensations? In short, the whole universe is a kind of theatre, filled with objects that raise in us either pleasure, amusement, or admiration.

The reader's own thoughts will suggest to him the vicissitude of day and night, the change of seasons, with all the

¹ The word *grotesque* originally meant like a grotto or natural cavern, and so in a rough state of nature. It has this meaning here; but in modern English it means ludicrous, or absurdly formed.

variety of scenes which diversify the face of nature, and fill the mind with a perpetual succession of beautiful and pleasing images.

I shall not here mention the several entertainments of art, with the pleasures of friendship, books, conversation, and other accidental diversions of life; because I would only take notice of such incitements to a cheerful temper as offer themselves to persons of all ranks and conditions, and which may sufficiently show us that Providence did not design this world should be filled with murmurs and repinings, or that the heart of man should be involved in gloom and melancholy.

Every one ought to guard himself against the temper of his constitution, and frequently to indulge in himself those considerations which may give him a serenity of mind, and enable him to bear up cheerfully against those little evils and misfortunes which are common to human nature, and which, by a right improvement of them, will produce a satiety of joy and uninterrupted happiness.

At the same time that I would engage my reader to consider the world in its most agreeable lights, I must own there are many evils which naturally spring up amidst the entertainments that are provided for us; but these, if rightly considered, should be far from overcasting the mind with sorrow, or destroying that cheerfulness of temper which I have been recommending. This interspersion of evil with good, and pain with pleasure, in the works of nature, is very truly ascribed by Mr. Locke, in his "Essay on the Human Understanding," to a moral reason, in the following words:—

"Beyond all this we may find another reason why God hath scattered up and down several degrees of pleasure and pain, in all the things that environ and affect us, and blended them together, in almost all that our thoughts and senses have to do with; that we finding imperfection, dissatisfaction, and want of complete happiness, in all the

enjoyments which the creatures can afford us, might be led to seek it in the enjoyment of Him 'with whom there is fulness of joy, and at whose right hand are pleasures for evermore.'—*From the Spectator.*

MAGNANIMITY, OR GENEROSITY, OR DISINTERESTEDNESS —

In my chapter on the various forms of self-control, I have already spoken to you of that kind of magnanimity which enables us to bear insult or injury without wishing for retaliation or revenge. This is passive magnanimity. There is also a more active form of magnanimity; which springs from unselfishness, and leads us to desire to do good to others, merely from the love of doing good and benefiting others, and even at the risk of loss or peril to ourselves. This is one of the most heroic and splendid of the virtues; and some of the most thrilling and famous incidents in the world's history have been illustrations of this virtue. This virtue sometimes takes the form of filial piety, as in the case of Râma going to his exile, or in the case of young Casabianca refusing to leave his post on the burning ship. Very often it takes the form of devotion to country, or devotion to duty generally, as in the case of Horatius Cocles, Leonidas, and many other famous heroes. Perhaps no nobler instance of the sublime spirit of self-sacrifice and devotion to duty can be found than is given in the story of the wreck of the "Birkenhead." The soldiers who were on board that ship stood drawn up in martial array to guard the escape of the women to the boats. There was not room for the soldiers or their officers; they stood firm at the word of command, and as the ship sank in the waves, they fired a *feu-de-joie*, or "joyful salute," to show their joy at the escape of the women and children. As an orator said on that occasion: "They sank like men, amidst the surks and the billows,

without parade, without display, as if duty were the most natural thing in the world."

TRUTHFULNESS.—I have now come to that virtue, the cultivation of which is perhaps more practically important than anything else in life,—truthfulness. Most other virtues we are only called on to practise occasionally: but if we are determined, with God's help, to do our duty to God and to ourselves, we must make absolute TRUTHFULNESS the rule of our life in every thought, in every word, in every deed. "It is this quality," says Smiles, "more than any other that commands the esteem and respect, and secures the confidence of others. Truthfulness is at the foundation of all personal excellence. It exhibits itself in conduct. It is rectitude—truth in action, and shines through every word and deed. It means reliableness, and convinces other men that it can be trusted. And a man is already of consequence in the world when it is known that he can be relied on—that when he says he knows a thing, he does know it—that when he says he can do a thing, he can do it, and does it. Thus reliableness becomes a passport to the general esteem and confidence of mankind." Solomon wrote, "Lying lips are an abomination to the Lord, but they that deal truly are His delight;" and, in another place, "A false witness shall not be unpunished, and he that speaketh lies shall perish." In the *Satapatha-Brahmana* it is written, "A man becomes impure by uttering falsehood" and so strong was the detestation of untruthfulness that the ancient Hindu sages, that the Greek historians, describing the Greek invasion of India, lay especial stress on the singularly truthful character of all Indians at that time.

Much untruthfulness is caused by want of modesty. A cowardly person is afraid of being blamed and

for something he has said or done, and he foolishly and weakly tells a lie rather than confess the truth. Or, again, he is anxious to please the person to whom he is speaking, or afraid of displeasing, and so is weakly led into the same sin.

Some people, even more cowardly, endeavour to gain the benefit they hope to get by the lie, and at the same time to salve their own consciences, by "equivocating;" that is, by using words or expressions of doubtful meaning, which are capable of being interpreted in a truthful sense, and yet will probably give the hearer a false impression. There are some men who pride themselves on their cleverness in being able so to twist their words as to convey a false impression without actually making an untrue statement. A Bengali proverb runs, "The words of an equivocating, low fellow, are like the head of a tortoise;" that is, can be stretched out or contracted, so as to mean anything. All lying is contemptible; but equivocation is the form of lying that is perhaps most contemptible. For he who equivocates lies to the person whom he endeavours to mislead, and lies to his own conscience at the same time.

Again, all lying is criminal; but, perhaps, that form of lying is the most criminal that lies to the injury of another person, or to the detriment of justice. Slander, libel, and the bearing of false witness, have always been regarded, in all countries, as crimes, deserving of very severe punishment; and it is obvious that society could not continue to exist in peace if such crimes were allowed to be committed with impunity.

Exaggeration is a common form of lying; and as it may seem to some less sinful than other forms, it is the more to be guarded against. For exaggeration is clearly lying; whilst its indulgence invariably tends to grow into a habit, which makes us untruthful and inaccurate in other things, and renders us utterly untrustworthy. Flattery, too, is a mean and disgraceful form of lying.

Arnold, the famous head-master of Rugby School, used to call truthfulness "moral transparency;" and it was the one virtue on which he laid more stress than on all others, as he considered it to be "the basis of all manliness." In the biography of this wise and most successful head-master, we are told that "when lying was detected he treated it as a great moral offence; but when a student made an assertion he accepted it with confidence. 'If you say so, that is quite enough; of course I believe your word.' By thus trusting and believing them he educated the boys in truthfulness, till at length the boys used to say to each other, 'It's a shame to tell Arnold a lie—he always believes what the boys say.'"

JUSTICE, AND INTEGRITY OR HONESTY.—Truthfulness, when its spirit is scrupulously carried into all our dealings and relations with others, induces principles of justice and integrity. If we are strictly truthful in spirit, we shall feel ourselves bound to be just in all things—to give every one his due, to respect the property and the rights of others, to avoid doing or saying anything that may injure the character or reputation of another, or that may cause wanton mischief of any kind, and most carefully to perform all our engagements without taking any mean or dishonest advantage. The just and truthful man is thus described by David in one of his Psalms: "He that walketh uprightly, and worketh righteousness, and speaketh the truth in his heart; he that backbiteth not with his tongue, nor doeth evil to his neighbour, nor taketh up a reproach against his neighbour: in whose eyes a vile person is contemned, but he honoureth them that fear the Lord: he that sweareth to his own hurt and changeth not." And Paul wrote, "Render, therefore, to all their dues; tribute to whom tribute is due; custom to whom custom; fear to whom fear; honour to

whom honour. Owe no man anything but to love one another; for he that loveth another hath fulfilled the law."

The honest man is sometimes called the "noblest work of God;" and the conscientious man will be as scrupulously honest in the merest trifles as in more important matters. And the maxim, that "Honesty is the best policy," will be found to be true in the long run. Even if the dishonesty be not discovered or punished, it is the general experience that ill-gotten gains never prosper; and success in life largely depends on the reputation gained for integrity. "Sharpness," or trickery in buying or selling, is on a par, morally, with actual theft; whilst the giving or receiving of a bribe is even worse. To borrow where one is not certain of being able to repay, to contract debts, and generally to live beyond one's means, are all forms of dishonesty, and should be carefully avoided by the honourable man. Sir Walter Raleigh said, "It would be an unspeakable advantage, both public and private, if men would consider that great truth—that no man is wise or safe but he that is honest."

GOOD FAITH, CANDOUR AND SINCERITY.—A conscientious man is as scrupulously just and truthful in his words as in his actions. What he says, he really means; he is sincere in his praise, candid in his blame, and true in all things. He never promises anything that he is not determined to perform; and having promised, nothing will induce him to depart from his word. He promises in good faith; and in good faith, he does his utmost to perform his promise. A "man of honour" is a man who is a stranger to falsehood and deception, who, of the strictest justice and integrity, and who never breaks his word; whilst he who falls in the slightest degree in any one of these points is a dishonourable man, who deserves both condemnation and contempt.

It was a saying of Chanakya, that "The sweet words of a wicked deceitful man are not to be trusted ; honey is on his tongue ; but poison is in his heart."

GRATITUDE.—The sense of justice, of which I have spoken—the principle that induces us to give to others their due—is especially manifested in the thankfulness which we should feel to those from whom we have received kindness or benefits. And this gratitude, in a man of honourable feeling, is not confined to mere sentiment ; it shows itself in a warm desire to make some adequate return. In the old fable, the mouse that was spared by the lion showed its gratitude by gnawing asunder the cords that bound its protector. And the fable is meant to teach, first, that we never can foresee what benefits we may hereafter reap from performing a kind act even to the most insignificant ; and secondly, that no one is so humble that he may not hope to show his gratitude in a worthy manner, if he only will diligently watch for an opportunity of doing so. Gratitude has been called "the memory of the heart." The Telugu proverb says, "Even a dog instinctively remembers kindness shown to it ; how base, then, is the man who forgets a benefit !"

BENEVOLENCE.

(Translated from the Tamil).

THE clouds feed earth with rain,

The earth makes no return,

And thus the good disdain

Rewards that gifts might earn.

To be benevolent

Unto the worthy poor,

Is why all wealth is sent,

And labour addeth more.

Among the Gods above,
 Nor in this world below,
 Can aught so good as love
 Be made with ease to grow.
 He only truly lives
 Whose Charity is free.
 But he who never gives
 Is dead as dead can be.
 The wise his wealth doth bank
 By blessing all he meets.
 Like streams from brimming tank
 Cooling the dusty streets.
 A wealthy, liberal man
 Is like a fruitful tree,
 That ripens in a town,
 Whose fruit to all is free.
 With him who knows its use,
 Great wealth is like a plant
 Whose bark and leaves conduce
 To cure each dire complaint.
 And if their wealth should waste,
 The wise will still bestow :
 And think that care misplaced
 Which fears what time may show.
 The good are only poor
 When naught remains to give.
 Then sorrow presses sore,
 They fear 'tis wrong to live.
 Some say that gifts are lost :
 Their statement may be true.
 'Twere well to bear that cross,
 Though slavery ensue.

(Translated from the *Kural of Tiru Kalluvar*, by GOVER.)

A BENEVOLENT LIFE.

DAVID HARE was a native of Scotland, born in the year 1775. He came to Calcutta in 1800. After acquiring a competence by probity and industry in his calling as watch-maker, he adopted for his own the country of his sojourn, and devoted the remainder of his life to one pervading and darling object;—the education and moral improvement of the natives of Bengal.

He was grieved at the moral and intellectual degradation of the natives, and often brooded on the subject. He frequently consulted his friends on the most fitting means of elevating the native character, and though not a scholar himself, felt that education was the only remedy for the evils existing in this country.

Convinced of this, he drew up, in 1815, a circular stating the objects he had in view, and soliciting aid and countenance from the leading men in the European and native communities. Sir Edward Hyde East, then Chief Justice of the Supreme Court (now High Court), warmly took up the cause, and by his influence obtained the approbation of many European and native gentlemen, to the establishment of an Institution for the education of Hindu youth. Thus originated the Hindu College, which opened for the first time on the 20th January, 1817.

David Hare, with his characteristic modesty, declined to be one of the members of the managing committee. His services, however, in procuring subscriptions and pupils were unremitting; and when, during the infancy of the Institution, its other supporters, disappointed by the insignificant results, and disgusted by the want of sincere and zealous co-operation on the part of several of the managers, again and again gave up the cause in despair, David Hare alone remained true to his conviction, and toiled and fought almost single-handed till it triumphed. No man

was better acquainted with the Bengali character, and no European ever went in and out so freely and so familiarly among the people of this land. He was far more at home with them than with his own countrymen; and thus he was the fittest person to overcome the prejudices of the Hindus, then most violently opposed to English education.

The School-Society was founded in 1818, and he was one of its working members. He gave up his profession and emoluments, and devoted his fortune, his energies, influence, and life, wholly to the achievement of his grand idea,—the education of the children of this country; and he did so, as he was forced to confess on a public occasion, simply because he felt a pleasure in it. Many schools are now to be seen in Bengal, and English education is most eagerly sought for by natives; but he it was that first reconciled them to it, and originated the first institution that demonstrated its utility, and led to its diffusion. Thus Mr. Hare was unquestionably the father of English education in this country.

The improvement of the children of Bengal was his business in the day, his recreation during leisure hours, and his study and delight every moment of his life. After going round from school to school, from 10 A.M. to 4 P.M., he used to spend the evening in the School-Society's school, often to a late hour, conversing with boys, correcting their handwriting, distributing playthings to them, exhorting some, reproving others, and dealing kindness to all. He took great care to pick up all information he could find respecting the private conduct of boys, and whenever he had grounds to suspect any of evil habits, he would leave his bed at night and walk through dirty lanes in the native portion of the town, to detect them in their idle or vicious practices.

Whenever he heard of a boy in distress, he would assist him with everything he wanted,—books, clothes, or maintenance. The orphan and the helpless never failed to find

in him a most affectionate father, and the warmest patron. Whenever he heard of the illness of any, he would run to his house, administer with his own hand the proper medicines (of which he had always a chest in his paltry), and continue to visit him daily once or oftener till the boy was cured.

The children of Bengal engrossed his thoughts. He could not think of anything else. He had no happiness but what he felt from their smiles, and he had no griefs but what their misconduct or distress occasioned. If on a visit to a school he could make some little boys pull him by the tail of his coat or hang on his arm for some toys or books, the room would resound with the expression of his gladness. The children too rejoiced in his presence, and regarded him as the kindest and most indulgent parent.

Towards the close of his career, when his means were wholly exhausted, he was appointed one of the Commissioners in the Court of Requests, now Court of Small Causes, and there too he exercised his charity, on poor debtors.

He lived in the simplest style; and the few servants he had fully enjoyed his confidence, and were always treated with the greatest kindness that ever servant experienced from master.

He died of cholera, in Calcutta, on the 1st of June, 1842, aged 67. Thousands of natives, of every class and every shade of opinion, followed his hearse on foot, and lamented him in death as their best and most disinterested friend.

Though we do not as yet possess any account of his life and actions, innumerable anecdotes of his benevolence live fresh in the memory of thousands, who will faithfully relate them to their children and grandchildren, and thus transmit his name and glory to posterity.

BENEVOLENCE.

(Translated from the Tamil.)

THE kind seek nothing back again ;
 What from the world do clouds obtain ?
 The aim of toil, of wealth the end,
 Is want to help, and worth befriend
 'Tis hard in either world to find
 A greater good than being kind.
 He lives, whose life in love is led :
 Another, reckoned with the dead.
 The brimming tank the town supplies :
 So wealth is ordered by the wise.
 Who gladly of their plenty give
 Like ripening fruit trees with us live.
 Diseases and distress they cure,
 Like plants of healing virtue sure.
 Their sense of duty will not cease
 From kindness, though their wealth decrease

SUPPLIANTS NOT TO BE SENT EMPTY AWAY

(Translated from the Sanskrit.)

LET none with scorn a suppliant meet,
 Or from the door untended spurn ;
 A dog, an outcast, kindly treat,
 And so shalt thou be blest in turn.

(Translated from the Mahābhārata, by DR. JOHN MUIR, C I E.)

UNIVERSAL BENEVOLENCE

(Translated from the Sanskrit.)

THE good extend their loving care
 To men, however mean or vile ;
 E'en base Cnândalas' dwellings share
 The impartial moonbeam's silvery smile.

(Translated from the Hitopadesa, by DR. JOHN MUIR, C I E.)

THE PUNISHMENT OF AVARICE.

WHEN the plains of India were burnt up by a long continuance of drought, Hamet and Raschid, two neighbouring shepherds, faint with thirst, stood at the common boundary of their grounds, with their flocks and herds panting round them, and in extremity of distress prayed for water. On a sudden the air was becalmed, the birds ceased to sing, and the flocks to beat. They turned their eyes every way, and saw a being of mighty stature advancing through the valley, whom they knew to be the Genius of Distribution. In one hand he held the sheaves of plenty, and in the other the sabre of destruction. The shepherds stood trembling, and would have retired before him; but he called to them with a voice gentle as the evening breeze. "Fly not from your benefactor, children of the dust! I am come to offer you gifts, which only your own folly can make vain—you here pray for water, and water I will bestow: let me know with how much you will be satisfied: speak not rashly; consider that of whatever can be enjoyed by the body, excess is no less dangerous than scarcity. When you remember the pain of thirst, do not forget the pain of suffocation. Now, Hamet, tell me your request."

"O being, kind and beneficent," says Hamet, "let thine eye pardon my confusion. I entreat a little brook, which in summer shall never be dry, and in winter never overflow." "It is granted," replies the genius; and immediately he opened the ground with his sabre, and a fountain bubbling up under their feet, scattered its rills over the meadows: the flowers renewed their fragrance, the trees spread a green foliage, and the flocks and herds quenched their thirst.

Then, turning to Raschid, the Genius invited him likewise to offer his petition. "I request," says Raschid,

"that thou wilt turn the Ganges through my grounds, with all his waters, and all their inhabitants." Hamet was struck with the greatness of his neighbour's sentiments, and secretly repined in his heart that he had not made the same petition before him, when the genius spoke, "Rash man, be not so insatiate : remember! to thee that is nothing which thou canst not use ; and how are thy wants greater than the wants of Hamet ?" Raschid repeated his desire, and pleased himself with the mean appearance that Hamet would make in the presence of the proprietor of the Ganges. The genius then retired towards the river, and the two shepherds stood waiting the event. As Raschid was looking with contempt upon his neighbour, on a sudden was heard the roar of torrents, and they found by the mighty stream that the mounds of the Ganges were broken. The flood rolled forward into the lands of Raschid, his plantations were torn up, his flocks overwhelmed ; he was swept away before it, and a crocodile devoured him.

JOHNSON.

"LAY UP FOR YOURSELVES TREASURES IN
HEAVEN, WHERE THIEVES DO NOT BREAK
THROUGH AND STEAL."

(Translated from the Sanskrit.)

BEFORE Decay thy body wears,
And with it strength and beauty bears,
Before Disease, stern charioteer, *
Thy frame's dissolver, Death, brings near,
Those noblest treasures hoard in haste,
Which neither time nor chance can waste.
With ceaseless care amass that wealth
Which neither thieves can filch by stealth,
Nor greedy tyrants snatch away,
Which even in death shall with thee stay.

(Translated from the *Mahābhārata*, by DR. JOHN MUIR, C.I.E.)

THE BROTHERHOOD OF MAN.

(Translated from the Sanskrit.)

SMALL souls enquire, "Belongs' this man
 To our own race, or class, or clan?"
 But larger hearted men embrace
 As brothers all the human race. . . .

(Translated from the *Panchatantra*, by Dr. JOHN MUIR, C.I.E.)

With the above may be compared the noble lines by the
 Scotch poet, Burns:—

FOR a' that, and a' that,
 It's comin' yet, for a' that,
 That man to man, the world o'er,
 Shall brithers be, for a' that.

A BENEVOLENT WOMAN.

MAN is dear to man : the poorest poor
 Long for some moments in a weary life . . .
 When they can know and feel that they have been
 Themselves the fathers and the dealers out
 Of some small blessings, have been kind to such
 As needed kindness, for this single cause—
 That we have all of us one human heart.
 Such pleasure is to one kind being known,
 My neighbour, when, with punctual care, each week,
 Duly as Friday comes, though pressed herself
 By all her wants, she from her store of meal
 Takes one unsparing handful for the scrip :
 Of this old mendicant, and from her door
 Returning with exhilarated heart,
 Sits by her fire, and builds her hope in Heaven.

WORDSWORTH.

TRUE LIBERality.

(Translated from the Sanskrit.)

RICH presents, though profusely given,
 Are not so dear to righteous Heaven,
 As gifts, by honest gains supplied,
 Though small, which faith hath sanctified.

(Translated from the Mahābhārata, by DR. JOHN MUIR, C.I.E.)

HOWARD THE PHILANTHROPIST.

JOHN HOWARD, an English gentleman of fortune, is famous for the exertions he made to lessen human suffering. On a voyage to Lisbon, when a young man, he was taken by the French, and thrown into a wretched dungeon, where he and his companions had to lie for several nights on a stone floor, and were nearly starved. The hardships which he suffered, and saw others suffering on this occasion, made a great impression on his mind, and when he returned to his country, he so exerted himself with the British Government that a complaint was made, and the French were induced to treat English prisoners with more humanity.

For some years afterwards he lived at his estate near Bedford, in England, diffusing happiness all around him. He settled a number of worthy and industrious persons in little cottages on his ground, and watched over their comfort with the greatest care. He built schools, where children were taught to read gratuitously; and he distributed a large portion of his income in charity, living for his own part on a very moderate sum.

At length, about the year 1778, his attention was called to the state of the jails in his native country. He found them to be, as jails then were everywhere, dens of misery,

where health was lost, and vice rather encouraged than punished. By great exertions he was able to effect some improvement in the prisons near his own residence. In time, he visited every large prison in England, and many of those in Scotland and Ireland. Being able to describe their condition to persons in authority, he caused laws to be made for improving the condition of prisons in England.

• Having thus done some good in his own country, he resolved to extend his benevolent exertions abroad. He visited one after another the prisons of every country in Europe, ascertaining their condition, and exerting himself with the various Governments to get them improved. Everywhere he lived frugally, and devoted his superfluous fortune to the relief of the miserable. • From time to time, in the course of his travels, he published his observations, with suggestions for a better system of prison discipline; and by these means, as well as by the interest felt in his own singular benevolence, he so effectually fixed public attention on the subject, that much improvement was the consequence.

• Howard had heard much of miseries which the plague produced at all the ports along the Mediterranean. At each of these there is a kind of hospital called the *lazaretto*, where the whole of the individuals landing from a vessel which comes from an infected place, are kept confined for a considerable time, to make sure that they are quite free of the disease. Of these *lazarettos*, which are as horrible places as the worst prisons, and probably occasion more sickness and mortality than they prevent, Howard resolved to make a personal examination. He set out in 1785, without a servant, for he did not think himself at liberty to expose any life but his own. • He took his way by the south of France, through Italy to Malta, Zante, Smyrna, and Constantinople. From the latter capital he returned to Smyrna, where he knew the plague then to prevail, for

the purpose of going to Venice with a foul bill of health, that he might be subjected to the rigour of a quarantine in the *lazaretto*, and thus have a personal experience of its rules. At Venice, he went with the greatest cheerfulness into the *lazaretto*, and there remained, as usual, for forty days, thus deliberately exposing his life for the good of his fellow-creatures.

Such conduct could not fail to procure him universal esteem. The Emperor of Germany so much admired his heroic benevolence, that when Howard returned through Vienna, the Emperor requested an interview with him, and commenced a subscription in order to erect a statue of him in a public part of the city. The design to honour Howard in this way was afterwards abandoned, at the express request of the philanthropist, who was as modest as he was good.

In the summer of 1789, Howard set out on his last tour. He went through Germany to St. Petersburg and Moscow. The prisons and hospitals were everywhere thrown open to him, as to one who had acquired a censorship over those abodes of the unfortunate in every part of the civilised world. He then travelled to the new Russian settlement on the Black Sea, and established himself at Cherson, where a malignant fever prevailed. A young lady, who had caught the infection, desired a visit from Howard, who, she thought, might be able to cure her. Ever alive to the call of the distressed, he went to administer to her relief. He caught the infection, probably from her, and became one of its victims. He was buried in the neighbourhood of Cherson; and here, some years after, the Emperor Alexander caused a monument to be erected to his memory.

THE EVIL USE OF WEALTH.

(Translated from the Sanskrit.)

THE unthinking man, with whom, too kind
 The goddess Fortune ever dwells,
 Becomes the victim of her spells ;
 As autumn's clouds the wind impels,
 She sweeps away his better mind,
 Pride, born of viewing stores of gold,
 Conceit of beauty, birth, invade
 His empty soul ; he is not made,
 He deems, like men of vulgar mould.
 He knits his brows, his lip he bites,
 At poorer men he looks askance
 With proud contempt and angry glance,
 With threatening words their souls affrights.
 How, how could any mortal brook
 On such a hateful wretch to look,
 Even though he own'd the godlike power
 On men all envied boons to shower ?

(Translated from the Mahābhārata, by DR. JOHN MUIR, C. S. E.)

FEED THE POOR.

(Translated from the Sanskrit.)

IF thou would win the dear reward
 Which only virtue earns,
 Waste not thy wealth upon the lord
 Who gift for gift returns.
 Not with the rich thy treasure share ;
 Give aid to those who need ;
 And, with the gold thy wants can spare,
 The poor and hungry feed

Be sure that those who would receive
 Deserve and crave thy care;
 And ponder, ere thy hands relieve,
 The how, and when, and where.

(Translated from the *Rámáyana*, by R. T. H. GRIFFITH.)

ALMSGIVING.

(Translated from the Tamil.)

THEY give who give to helpless need:
 Not they whose gifts to getting lead.

(Translated from the *Kural of Tiru Valluvar*, by ROBINSON.)

THE EMPEROR AND THE PEASANT; OR, HOSPITALITY REWARDED.

THE Czar Ivan, who reigned over Russia about the middle of the sixteenth century, often went out disguised, in order to satisfy his own mind as to the condition of his subjects.

One day, in a solitary walk near Moscow, he entered a small village, and, pretending to be overcome by fatigue, implored relief from several of the inhabitants. His dress was ragged, his appearance mean; but what ought to have excited the compassion of the villagers, and ensured a kind reception, produced a refusal.

Full of indignation at such inhuman treatment, he was just going to leave the place, when he noticed another dwelling to which he had not yet applied for assistance. It was the poorest cottage in the village. The Emperor hastened to this, and knocked at the door. A peasant opened it, and asked him what he wanted. "I am almost

“lying with fatigue and hunger,” answered the Czar, “can you give me a night’s lodging?” “Alas!” said the peasant, “you will have but poor fare; you have come at an unlucky time—for my wife is ill; but come in, come in, you will at least be sheltered from the cold, and what we have you shall be welcome to.”

The peasant then led the Czar into a little room full of children; in a cradle were two infants, sleeping soundly. A girl three years old was sleeping on a rug near the cradle. “Stay here,” said the peasant to the Emperor, “I will go and get something for your supper.” He went out, and soon returned with some black bread, eggs, and honey. “You see all I can give you,” said the peasant, “partake of it with my children; I must go and nurse my wife.”

The good peasant then went to his wife, and shortly returned, bringing with him a baby, who was to be christened on the morrow. The Emperor took the infant in his arms, saying, “I know, from the appearance of this child, that he will be fortunate.” The peasant smiled at the prophecy; and at that instant the two eldest girls came to kiss the baby before going to bed, and their grandmother came also to take him back. The little ones followed her; and the host, himself lying down upon his bed of straw, invited the stranger to do the same. In a moment the peasant was in a sound and peaceful sleep.

The peasant awoke at break of day, and his guest, on taking leave of him, said, “I must return to Moscow, my friend: I am acquainted there with a very benevolent man, to whom I shall take care to mention your kind treatment of me. I can prevail upon him to stand godfather to your child. Promise me, therefore, that you will wait for me, that I may be present at the christening; I will be back in three hours at the latest.” The peasant did not think much of this mighty promise; but in the good-nature of his heart, he consented to the stranger’s request.

The Czar went away ; the three hours were soon gone, and nobody appeared. The peasant, therefore, as well as his family, were preparing to carry the child to church ; but as he was about to leave his cottage, he heard on a sudden the trampling of horses and the rattling of many carriages. He knew the imperial guards, and instantly called his family to come and see the emperor go by. They all ran out in a hurry, and stood before their door.

The horses, men, and carriages soon formed a half-circle, and the state carriage of the Czar stopped opposite the peasant's door. The carriage-door was opened, the Czar alighted ; and advancing to his host, thus addressed him : " I have come to fulfil my promise ; give me your child, and follow me to the church." The peasant stood like a statue, looking at the Emperor with astonishment. In all this pomp and show he could not discover the poor stranger who had lain all night with him on the straw.

The Emperor for some moments silently enjoyed his perplexity, and then said : " Yesterday you performed the duties of humanity ; to-day I have come to discharge the most delightful duty of a Sovereign—that of rewarding virtue. Your child shall become my ward ; for you may remember," continued the Emperor, smiling, " that I predicted he would be fortunate." • • •

The good peasant now understood the case ; with tears in his eyes, he ran instantly to fetch the child, brought him to the Emperor, and laid him respectfully at his feet. The excellent Sovereign took the child in his arms, and carried him to the church.

The Czar faithfully kept his promise ; he caused the boy to be educated in his palace, provided amply for his further settlement in life, and continued ever after to heap kindnesses on the virtuous peasant and his family.

ANON.

COMPASSION SHOULD BE SHOWN TO ALL MEN.

(Translated from the Sanskrit.)

To bad as well as good, to all,
 A generous man compassion shows.
 On earth no mortal lives, he knows,
 Who does not oft through weakness fall.

*(Translated from the Rāmāyana, by DR. JOHN MUIR, C.I.E.)*DISINTERESTEDNESS ; "DO GOOD AND LEND,
HOPING FOR NOTHING AGAIN."*(Translated from the Sanskrit.)*

THE good to others kindness show,
 And from them never turn exact ;
 The best and greatest men, they know,
 Thus ever nobly love to act.

(Translated from the Mahābhārata, by DR. JOHN MUIR, C.I.E.)

AGAINST ENVY.

(Translated from the Tāmil.)

ESTEEM'D like good behaviour be
 A character from envy free.
 No acquisition can be won
 Above the power of envying none.

(Translated from the Kural of Tiru Vallavar, by ROBINSON.)

THE FOOLISH DISCONTENTED; THE WISE CONTENT.

(Translated from the *Sanskrit*.)

THOUGH proudly swells their fortune's tide,
Though evermore their hoards augment,
Unthiſking men are ne'er content :
But wiſe men ſoon are ſatiſfied.

(Translated from the *Mahabharata*, by DR. JOHN MUIR, C.I.E.)

— —

DISCONTENT.

(Translated from the *Sanskrit*.)

' Most men the things they have, deſpiſe,
And others which they have not, prize ;
In winter wiſh for ſummer's glow,
In ſummer long for winter's ſnow.

(Translated from the *Subhasitaravata*, by DR. JOHN MUIR, C.I.E.)

— —

CASABIANCA; OR, MAGNANIMOUS DEVOTION TO DUTY.

THE boy ſtood on the burning deck,
Whence all but him had fled ;
The flame that lit the battle's wreck,
Shone round him o'er the dead.

Yet beautiful and bright he ſtood,
As born to riſe the ſtorms ;
A creature of heroic blood,
A proud though child-like form.

The flames roll'd on—he would not go,
 Without his father's word;
 That father, faint in death below,
 His voice no longer had.

He call'd aloud—"Say, father, say
 If yet my task is done?"
 He knew not that the chieftain lay
 Unconscious of his son.

"Speak, father!" once again he cried,
 "If I may yet be gone."
 —And but the booming shots replied,
 And fast the flames roll'd on.

Upon his brow he felt their breath,
 And in his waving hair;
 And looked from that lone post of death,
 In still yet brave despair:

And shouted but once more aloud,
 "My father! must I stay?"
 While o'er him fast, through sail and shroud
 The wreathing fires made way.

They wrapt the ship in splendour wild,
 They caught the flag on high,
 And streamed above the gallant child,
 Like banners in the sky.

There came a burst of thunder sound—
 The boy—oh! where was he?
 —Ask of the winds that far around
 With fragments strew'd the sea!

With mast, and helm, and pennon fair;
 That well had borne their part—
 But the noblest thing that perished there,
 Was that youry swiftness heart.

MRS. HELMAN'S.

TRUTH.

A YOUNG offender, whose name was Charlie Mann, broke a large pane of glass in a chemist's shop, and ran away at first, for he was slightly frightened, but he quickly began to think, "What am I running for? It was an accident; why not turn about and tell the truth?"

No sooner thought than done. Charlie was a brave boy; he told the whole truth—how the ball with which he was playing slipped out of his hand, how frightened he was, how sorry too, at the mischief done, and how willing to pay if he had the money.

Charlie had not the money, but he could work, and to work he went at once in the very shop where he broke the glass. It took him a long time to pay for the large and expensive pane he had shattered, but when it was done, he had so endeared himself to the chemist by his fidelity and truthfulness that he would not hear of his going away, and Charlie became his clerk. "Ah, what a good day it was when I broke that window," he used to say.

"No, Charlie," his mother would respond, "what a good day it was when you were not afraid to tell the truth!"
